The Nation.
June 16, 1979 $1

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EDITORIAL

MX MISSILE—THE PRICE IS WRONG

President Carter is said to be leaning toward supporting a $30 billion system of movable MX missiles in exchange for pro-SALT II votes by Senate conservatives. The new, improved, more accurate land-based MX is thus to be the "pea" in the nuclear "shell game" system of mobile missiles, known in Pentagonese as movable protection sites (MPS). The President says that the MX-MPS (as we'll call it for short) would be "stabilizing" and enable this country to "stay current and keep our equivalency with the Soviet Union."

As a political bargaining chip MX-MPS is a loser because it concedes too much to the anti-SALT forces. Not long ago ("Movable Missiles," April 28), we were asking editorially why the anti-SALT people were pushing MPS when, at the same time, they opposed a treaty that would limit Soviet warheads. Obviously, if the enemy has sufficient warheads to hit every "shell," empty or otherwise, the MX-MPS would be worthless. This inconsistency aside, such a political horse trade would admit by the back door an expensive, unnecessary new system that raises verification problems.

Further, it would upset the strategic balance. If MX-MPS is invulnerable, as its proponents claim, then the Soviet Union, already confronting our more than adequate submarine and aircraft-launched missiles, would be compelled to develop a better system. On the other hand, if MX-MPS is not invulnerable, then it is a $30 billion boondoggle. Rather than authorize this underground railway to Armageddon, the Government might allocate a fraction of the $30 billion to a worthier social purpose—Amtrak, for example.

CORPORATE RHODESIA
Gary Wasserman

FIRST-STRIKE RADIO
Robert C. Aldridge

EXPORTING CANCER
Albert Huebner

VIRTUOUS GAMBLING
Heywood Hale Broun

TELEVISING HISTORY
Eric Foner

NABOKOV-WILSON LETTERS
Leonard Michaels

TRADE & TARIFF TALKS

WHO LOST THE TOKYO ROUND?

WILLIAM K. TABB

A very old American political confrontation is taking place in Washington over ratification of a new international trade and tariff agreement painstakingly negotiated in Geneva and Tokyo over the last half-dozen years (known latterly as the "Tokyo Round" of the Multilateral Trade Negotiations of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, or GATT). Congress years ago agreed to vote it up or down (no amendments can be offered by members of Congress or riders added in the debate) and will probably approve this latest effort to create freer world trade when it comes up for a vote this summer. The confrontation is between the interests of older industrial towns and cities, workers in less-skilled, labor-intensive manufacturing and small capital faced with stiff foreign competition, and the technologically intensive manufacturing and agribusiness interests.

U.S. multinationals export more merchandise from their subsidiaries abroad than they do from their plants in the United States, which is why they are not afraid of "foreign" competition—they *are* the foreign competition to a major extent. The trade liberalization will increase income inequality within the United States and around the world. It will accelerate current trends of uneven development, concentrating corporate economic power still further.

President Carter, promoting the trade-liberalization agreement, says it "will increase the opportunities of all nations, rich and poor, to exchange their goods under

(Continued on Page 721)

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LETTERS.

HONEST AND HONORABLE

Madison, Wis.

I would like to congratulate *The Nation* for its stand on the issue of prior Government censorship in the case of *The Progressive* ["Banning the Bomb Story," March 24; "Taking the First," April 14; "Sidebar," May 12; "*Progressive* Brief," June 2]. Actually, I had expected that you would take this position despite differences existing between your magazine and *The Progressive*, for your periodical is an honest and an honorable one. . . . *Mary Leigh Smith*

NOT SO BAD?

Milton, Mass.

The letter on the Rhodesian election by Julian Bond [*The Nation*, May 19] is of course correct in saying that it was not fair-and-square equal democracy.

But consider the goings-on in Uganda and central Africa. Can we not accept the Rhodesian election, which may, for ten years, delay full democracy, as an orderly and honest step which has the merit of keeping the peace?

Howard S. Whiteside

GASOHOL DISAGREEMENT

Hamilton, Ohio

Fred J. Cook's "Gasohol—A 100-Proof Solution" [*The Nation*, April 21] severely shakes my long-standing faith in both Fred J. Cook and *The Nation*. Those who run our oil companies may well be thieves, but I fear that it is economics and thermodynamics—not Big Oil—that stand between us and gasohol. Obviously, we shall eventually have to depend on renewable forms of energy rather than fossil fuels, but doing so will not relieve the sufferings of the average citizen; the effect on him will probably be equivalent to doubling the price of gasoline and heating oil. (Actually, Big Oil has no reason to oppose the use of alcohol: it can—and does—produce both methanol and ethanol from natural gas far more cheaply than alcohol can be produced from grain.)

Gasohol makes sense in Brazil, which has little oil and lots of cheap sugar cane, but alcohol cannot solve our energy problems as long as it takes more energy to make it than we can recover by burning it. . . . An honest accounting will consider *all* costs: seed, fertilizer (from natural gas), planting, cultivating, harvesting and processing. Lance Crombie may have used a solar still, but did he account for the energy that went into its materials and construction? Did he count his time as worth nothing? (Those who produce *our* gasohol will want to be paid!)

It simply is not true that "the availability of grain alcohol has been ignored." For as long as I can remember, strenuous efforts have been made to produce it from "surplus" grain—and from potatoes, pulp mill liquors, hydrolyzed wood, sugar beets or cane, etc. Invariably, the efforts failed as soon as the Government stopped subsidizing them. Admittedly, alcohol may look more attractive when gasoline costs $2 per gallon—but it still won't be a solution to our energy problem.

William Palmer Taylor

Lexington, Ky.

Fred J. Cook's article on gasohol does not provide a simple remedy to the gasoline shortage. There is no doubt that cars will run on gasohol quite well and that it does not pollute the air as petroleum products inevitably do. However, gasoline must be made from wood or grain which must be grown from the soil. If our land is cropped for engine fuel as it is now cropped for timber and grain we will soon be without topsoil. Two years ago agricultural officials in Iowa declared that the state is losing two bushels of topsoil for every bushel of corn it grows. Already half of Iowa's topsoil has blown and washed away.

Tell Mr. Cook to go back to the drawing board. He will have to come up with something better than gasohol.

Harry M. Caudill

Interlaken, N.J.

These letters seem to ignore the thrust of what I was saying—that the Carter Administration's fixation with higher oil pricing to force conservation is self-defeating and that it should have been devoting its energies to developing on a large scale alternative, domestic sources of fuel. Scoffing at the alcohol alternative may please the American Petroleum Institute, but makes little sense.

As I pointed out, ethanol can be produced not just from corn but from the waste products of our canning and cheese factories, our paper mills—and our garbage. Alexander Graham Bell in 1922 called alcohol "a beautifully clean, efficient fuel which can be produced from vegetable matter. . . *waste products of our farms and even the garbage of our cities.*" (Italics added.)

Prof. George T. Tsao of Purdue University wrote in October 1978, after extensive research, that with petroleum crude priced at $13 a barrel (that price is already history), "corn, grain and petroleum are actually sold at about the same price. . . ." He emphasized that cellulosic wastes like cornstalks were much cheaper and that ethanol can be produced from wastes like garbage that now have only "negative value." His research showed that while we consume 820 million tons of crude oil a year, our cellulosic wastes (leaving grain out of it) amount to 1,010 million tons a year. Yet virtually nothing has been done to turn such wastes, now a drag on our economy, into a useful resource.

In view of such figures and much other evidence, it seems ridiculous to contend that gasohol, or even pure ethanol, which Henry Ford adjusted the carburetor of his Model T to use, offers no solution. The problem lies in the Carter Administration's failure to mount the kind of Manhattan Project-type effort that the President's "moral equivalent of war" would seem to call for to develop such untapped resources. (See also my article, "Getting Gasohol on the Road [II]," in the June 2 issue of *The Nation*.) *Fred J. Cook*

ORWELLIAN IMPLICATION

Westwood, N.J.

It's certainly clear why George Orwell has been cited by those concerned with *The Nation*'s March 17 symposium on bilingualism ["Letters," *The Nation*, April 28]. And it's ironic that his main implication here seems to go ignored: that competence in the *basic* language of one's country is essential to the future of *any* democracy—creating the only possible degree of immunity to Newspeak.

Literacy in English now—among Anglophones as well as Hispanics—is abysmal enough, in a TV/film-oriented society whose fragmentation of consciousness gets worse from year to year. A bilingual standard would be a quantum leap in this dangerous direction.

Moreover, that approach should be recognized for exactly what it represents: another sop to the "liberal" conscience—which prefers cosmetic action to honest root-level analysis of (in this case) the facts of American colonialist exploitation of Hispanics.

Alan Bahr

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The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1979 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Subscription Price: One year, $21; two years, $37. Student rate $15 a year. Add $3 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $5 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds.

EDITORIALS.

The L.A. Segs

On May 29, Los Angeles Board of Education president Howard Miller was ousted in a recall election in which he received only 42 percent of the total vote. Replacing him is Roberta Weintraub, a vociferous opponent of busing for school integration.

Miller was recalled because he cooperated with the California Supreme Court's unanimous mandate to the Los Angeles School Board to institute a "reasonably feasible" plan of school integration in the Los Angeles school system, one of the most segregated in the nation. Last September, fifteen years after legal action was begun by the Southern California American Civil Liberties Union, the board under Miller finally put into effect a very modest plan which applied only to grades four through eight and left 351 schools with more than 325,000 pupils still segregated.

The plan did require limited busing between certain schools, however, and the rabid anti-busing forces in Los Angeles's sprawling, virtually all-white San Fernando Valley rose up. State Senator Alan Robbins, author of a proposed constitutional amendment "to stop forced busing"; Bobbie Fiedler, elected last year to the board after a "stop busing" campaign, and Roberta Weintraub, a carbon copy of Fiedler, mounted a citywide drive to recall Miller. The three forged a potent anti-integration political coalition, which turned out a much higher proportion of the voters in the valley than in the rest of the city; 80 percent of them voted for Miller's recall.

Howard Berman, the brilliant young Majority

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Leader of the California Assembly, part of whose district is in the San Fernando Valley, hopped on the anti-busing bandwagon in March by endorsing the Robbins constitutional amendment, thus insuring its legislative success. During the recall campaign, he refused to oppose publicly Miller's recall or render any backstage help. Berman has an eye on wider political horizons. Congressman Henry Waxman, Berman's mentor, whose Assembly seat Berman inherited and also a liberal, likewise refused to aid Miller, as did Los Angeles City Councilman Zev Yaroslavsky, who has the mayoralty bee in his bonnet. Indeed, sources high up in the Miller campaign assert that Yaroslavsky gave off-the-record assistance to the recall.

A headline in *The Los Angeles Times* summarized a significant aspect of the voting: "Power of Jewish Right Delineated by Miller Recall." But it was not the "Jewish right." Several important Jewish political leaders, including Congressman Beilinson, State Senator Sieroty, Supervisor Edelman, Assemblyman Rosenthal, did endorse Miller, but it was the "white right" that ousted Miller. The black voters were 90 percent against recall, but their turnout was too light to change the outcome.

Historically, the forces of reaction in Los Angeles have always been potent. In recent years, however, a group of liberal state legislators, city and county officials and a Mayor have become, if not predominant, certainly a major force in the area's political alignment. The emergence of a solid right-wing sentiment, now focused on opposition to busing, but tomorrow welded together around some other rallying cry, coupled with its demonstrated ability to cause many liberal political leaders to kowtow to its power, holds little comfort for those slightly to the left of center who had hoped that Los Angeles might have come of political age.

The prospect for bringing the Los Angeles schools into something faintly resembling the degree of school integration achieved in even the Deep South may be extremely dim. Three members of the Board of Education are adamantly opposed to busing and will do everything in their power to scuttle any plan that requires it. Another board member, Kathleen Brown Rice, Gov. Jerry Brown's sister, who supported Miller, is opposed to busing but reluctantly accepts it as, in the California Supreme Court's words, "one potential tool which may be utilized to satisfy a school district's constitutional obligation in this field." Two newly elected board members take office July 2. One, John Greenwood, opposes busing but is a moderate who will probably align himself with Mrs. Rice and with the other new member, Rita Walters, who will push hard for effective, not token, integration.

Much will depend on Superior Court Judge Paul Egly, who has jurisdiction over the board's action under the Supreme Court mandate. The day after the election he moved "to take stronger personal command of the Los Angeles school desegregation process," as *The Los Angeles Times* put it, by ordering the board to make no changes in the present plan without his specific approval and announcing his intention to supervise personally the drawing up of alternative desegregation plans.

If Judge Egly follows the path of U.S. District Court Judge Garrity, whose determination made integration work in South Boston, and Southern Federal Judges Waring of South Carolina, Johnson of Alabama, Seitz of Delaware and McMillan of North Carolina, he will not only join that distinguished group of judges who hold to the Constitution whatever the public pressure but he will go a long way toward making integration work in Los Angeles. If he is not strong in his determination, Los Angeles will revert to Topeka, Kan., twenty-five years ago—before *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. GEORGE SLAFF

George Slaff is a former president of the A.C.L.U. of Southern California, and is currently a member of the national board.

Racial Killing

John Spenkelink was executed because of his race. If he had not been white, the state of Florida almost certainly would have commuted his death sentence to life imprisonment. Spenkelink's crime was not so shocking that it warranted choosing him to be the first unwilling victim of a legal execution in the United States in twelve years. Many of the 20,000 murders each year generate far greater public outrage than Spenkelink's crime—a drifter killing a fellow drifter, an older, larger and stronger man who had sodomized him.

But Spenkelink's race made it necessary that he be the first to go. Commuting his sentence would have been an unacceptable alternative for Florida state officials, given that the majority of the men on the state's death row are black. If Spenkelink, the white man first in line, had escaped electrocution, the public outcry against executing the blacks would have been much greater. White John Spenkelink had to be executed so that Florida can go about killing the blacks next in line—an equal opportunity executioner, one might say.

Deep in the Heart of Texaco

Although the oil industry publicly promises to use windfall profits to increase gasoline production, at least one of the major companies, Texaco, is privately determined to reduce its production. We have obtained Texaco documents, intended solely for its management, that show the com-

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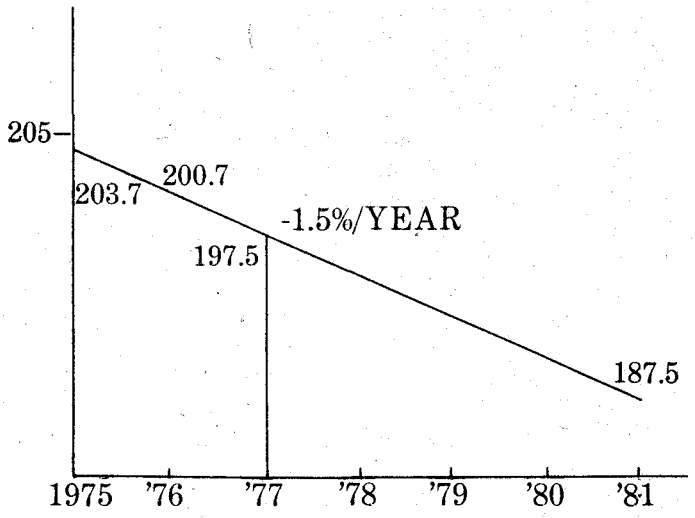
pany is committed to an annual reduction of 1½ percent. The following chart shows that the cutback will bring production down to 187.5 million barrels by 1981:



Thus, more than three years before the Iranian revolution provided the major oil companies and the Department of Energy with the pretext for a gasoline shortage, Texaco inaugurated a program that is now contributing to this shortage.

Not that the company is phasing out its profits. Texaco is taking a variety of measures that will result in more profits from less gasoline. For example, by 1981 it will have eliminated more than 40 percent of the company-owned stations, as the following outline of priorities, also prepared in early 1977, shows:

1) Eliminate 4,000 LV/HC [Low Volume/High Cost] Locations.
2) Build 200 New Gas Bars [Self-Service Stations].
3) Rehabilitate 1,500 of Remaining Locations.
4) End Up With Chain of 5,200 Units
   A) 1/3 Gas Bars
   B) 3,500 Full Serve
   at a cost of $35 MM/year in Preferred Markets.

Operators of leased stations are being forced out of business through prohibitive rent increases. The lessee of one such station was recently notified by the company that his annual rent of $11,700 would increase through stages to $21,300 two years from now. (See James Gannon, "How Gulf Dealt Its Dealers Out," *The Nation*, Feb. 24.)

Another confidential Texaco document from 1977 provides the rationale for steeply increased prices. In effect, this document demonstrates that, contrary to persistent claims by the Administration, higher gasoline prices will not reduce most drivers' demands. The company undertook "a major national study of U.S. motorists." The study revealed that only 11 percent of the motorists regarded price as a primary consideration. "Given Texaco's present marketing system," the two-thirds with the greatest "insensitivity to price" were thought to "offer the best potential" market because they are "meaningful and actionable segments."

Not surprisingly, the study found that among "segments" who were "meaningful" but presumably not "actionable":

> The overall picture depicts the oil companies in a rather negative way. There is pretty strong argument that major oil companies make excessive profits, that the government should try to break up the integrated oil companies, that major oil companies take advantage of their dealers and that you can't believe most of what you see and hear in gasoline advertising.

No one can claim that the Texaco survey was biased or based on a poorly selected sample. According to the study, "This sample was designed to properly represent all regions and population density areas in the country." And the public's disaffection with the oil companies can only have grown during recent days, when the Carter Administration has pursued a misconceived energy policy that has resulted in vaulting oil profits (Texaco's rose 81 percent in the first quarter of this year). The gasoline dealers are subjected to more constraints than ever by their suppliers, who nonetheless continue to fight all controls applied to themselves and take out polemical advertising that sells public policies rather than products.

It would seem appropriate for a President who campaigned in the guise of a populist to pay heed to the grievances so aptly summarized in an oil company's own survey.

CHARLES J. LEVY

Charles J. Levy is conducting a study on the subject of oil pricing and supply. His most recent book is Spoils of War *(Houghton Mifflin).*

Poor No More

Senator S.I. Hayakawa (R., Calif.) roused himself recently long enough to observe that $3-a-gallon gasoline won't bother poor people because "they don't go to work." Not to be caught napping ourselves, we immediately set to thinking about a lot of other things poor people as a class don't do, that make them immune from inflationary and other calamities. For example, poor people don't need free medical care because when they get sick they usually die. Nor do poor women need free abortions since, as everybody knows, the poor have a higher infant mortality rate. Schools in poverty areas are another luxury, since poor people can't afford to buy books and so needn't learn to read. High food prices cause poor people no problems for, as their generally high malnutrition rate shows, they don't eat as much. The high cost of housing has little relevance to the poor since a lot of them live in one or two rooms; indeed, in most countries they sleep in the streets.

We congratulate Senator Hayakawa on incisively cutting through to the heart of one of our most pressing social problems. As everyone knows, the chief cause of poverty in this country is poor people.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Representative Richard Nolan of Minnesota finally blew the whistle on President Carter's grossly inept leadership by announcing on May 7 that he would head a movement to seek an alternative nominee, preferably Senator Edward Kennedy. Since then his initiative has been supported by Representative Richard Ottinger of New York, who discovered that 42 percent of the voters in his district prefer Kennedy, compared with 17 percent for Carter. John Conyers Jr. of Michigan, leader of the Black Caucus, Fortney Stark of California and Edward Beard of Rhode Island are also involved. Fifteen such movements are now said to be in the formative stage.

"Rick" Nolan's leadership of this revolt is significant. First of all, he is an excellent Representative of the new breed in the Democratic Party. Young, personable, well-educated (social studies at the Universities of Minnesota and Maryland and at St. John's in Minnesota), he is a first-rate campaigner and a protégé of Vice President Mondale, having served as his aide for a year. Also important is the fact that he represents the 6th Congressional District. A large district, it includes some twenty-two counties. It is predominantly agricultural with an estimated 48,000 farm families making up perhaps 180,000 of its 475,000 constituents. But it also includes a fairly large bedroom-suburban constituency on the outskirts of Minneapolis made up primarily of young married couples. It has a reputation of being a swing district. The last election in Minnesota proved to be a debacle for the Democrats; statewide, their candidates lost by a 2-to-1 margin despite the fact that President Carter and the Vice President campaigned harder in Minnesota than in any other state (no doubt because of Mondale's special concern). But Nolan carried his district by a 20,000-vote margin. After the apprenticeship in Mondale's office, he served four years in the state legislature, ran for Congress in 1972, when he was only 28, and was defeated, then won in 1974, 1976 and 1978.

Nolan was reluctant to break with Carter because of the Mondale connection but felt that it was imperative because the leadership vacuum had become intolerable. It was strictly his idea. His office reports no response from the White House. One of Kennedy's assistants phoned to say that the Senator "intends" to stay in the Senate and "expects" the President to be renominated. The announcement of Rick Nolan's initiative drew a lively response with many letters and telephone calls and offers of assistance; also a few quite emotional letters saying that Kennedy should not run.

Nolan's staff is convinced that Kennedy can be drafted, indeed, that he is acting like a candidate who wants a draft to be organized but cannot and should not take the initiative. The use of such words as "intends" and "expects" merely implies a decision not to campaign for the nomination or to appear to be actively encouraging a draft movement. And this is precisely what a potential challenger from the same party as an incumbent President should do if he hopes to be drafted. He must keep his options open. If Carter continues to slide in the polls, a draft movement will gather momentum; if the President's standing should markedly improve, then no commitment has been made. Personal involvement in a draft movement just now might push the candidate too far, too soon. But, given the manner of delegate selection nowadays, a draft has to be organized at the grass roots. Should Carter make a poor showing in Iowa, where his 1976 campaign was launched, and in Minnesota and New Hampshire, then a draft movement will be difficult to stop. After these early primaries comes the one in New York, tentatively scheduled for April 29, 1980, which will be a direct-preference primary. It should capture national attention for it is the only one scheduled on that day. In New York there is much disaffection with Carter's leadership. Senator Moynihan, for example, recently said that the President has created the impression he is "governing by the sufferance" of Senator Kennedy, a sharp blow well aimed.

But, it will be asked, why should Kennedy want the nomination, given the much-advertised "drift to the right"? The results in Minnesota last year—to cite one example—demonstrate that such a trend exists. But there were many reasons for this debacle, the most important of which was disaffection with Carter, who is not a type congenial to Minnesota voters, and the leadership vacuum that exists. In the absence of an alternative candidate or movement around which it can rally, disaffection can only find negative expression, which creates the illusion of a massive swing to the right or, at the very least, magnifies the extent of that drift.

Currently, the Republican Presidential lineup is in disarray. A recent *Wall Street Journal* story (by Douglas Hallett, May 17) showed a surprisingly strong undercurrent of resentment among Republicans against John Connally despite his daring showmanship. Reagan is even older politically than his age indicates. No doubt Democratic sentiment has drifted to the right; why shouldn't it, given a Democratic incumbent who is not far to the left of Gerald Ford? But this does not mean that liberal Democrats have become converts to neoconservatism; the strong liberal stands at the Memphis mini-convention dispel any such thoughts. Given Republican weakness and a nominee of Kennedy's vote-getting ability, the Democrats could win and, in the process, reverse a drift to the right that is not nearly as massive as it has been made out to be. At the moment, disaffection with Carter's leadership is growing faster in the country than it is in the Congress. □

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

Not long ago, I became preoccupied with the cost of the wristwatches worn by members of the New Jersey State Legislature. That sort of thing seems to come over me now and then. Once, ten or twelve years ago, I became intensely interested in just who was wearing Nehru jackets. I began making a list. I worked hard on the list—permitting my other responsibilities to slide, some said, and taking less care than I should about my personal appearance. I added new names as the evidence warranted. I deleted the names of people who had been included erroneously—perhaps because they had seemed to be wearing a Nehru jacket when they were actually wearing a Mao jacket. (I had a separate list for Mao jackets.) I still keep the Nehru-jacket list in my safety deposit box. Now and then, I take it out and read it slowly, savoring the names of prominent novelists and respectable government officials the way a stamp collector might savor his Mauritian special issues and Luxembourg misprints. Sometimes, I'll admit, I feel mean-spirited sitting alone in the corner of a safety deposit room at the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, cackling over the names on my Nehru-jacket list. "This sort of thing is beneath you," I say to myself. Apparently it isn't.

I felt myself being drawn toward legislative timepieces a few months ago in Atlantic City, where I happened to be attending a hearing on housing conducted by the Legislature's oversight committee on casino gambling. I'm afraid my attention had been slipping away from the business at hand. Being of a sensitive disposition, I find it difficult to concentrate on more than two or three hours of testimony about impoverished Puerto Rican families being tossed out of their wretched apartments so that a real estate flipper can sell the land to a casino. My eyes began to wander. They passed, by chance, over the wristwatch being worn by the legislator who was conducting the hearing. I went back for a second look. What he was wearing on his wrist was not the sort of object I have in mind when I think of wristwatches. It was more in the range of a Cadillac Eldorado, or maybe a small nightclub. Its band was gold—obviously so supple that it could be used to tie a particularly grand gift package. Diamonds flashed from every corner of the face. The center of the face was a sleek black mystery—until the Assemblyman touched some secret button, at which time it became alive with digital reminders of the time and the date and other matters that I could only imagine. The winning numbers at Belmont? The temperature in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat? The number of years over which various holdings can be depreciated under the latest tax law?

I found myself studying the watches of the other committee members. Cadillac Eldorados every one! Having observed what the social scientists call a fair sampling of the members of the Legislature, I realized that the Governor of New Jersey might have been able to avoid that unpopular state income tax if only, on the last day of some legislative session, he had been able to persuade the legislators to leave their watches on their desks before departing.

But why should I attach any sinister significance to that fact? Did I really believe that a man forfeits his right to wear the wristwatch of his choice when he takes the oath as a state legislator? Is it an Assemblyman's fault that Puerto Ricans persist in living in apartment buildings that are worth less than his wristwatch? Why did I assume that a state legislator who was wearing a $200,000 wristwatch came by it through nefarious means? After all, he could be a man of independent wealth—gained, perhaps, from shrewd investments in Atlantic City real estate. Why was I so mean-spirited? Wasn't that sort of thing beneath me? Apparently it wasn't.

Taking pleasure in the dark side may be some sort of occupational hazard for reporters. Some years ago, while working on a piece about mailing lists, I was entertained by discovering that two of the most successful lists for selling *An ABZ of Love* were lists of psychiatrists and a list of graduates of the Harvard Business School. Finding that the best list for Republican fund raising was a list of people who had sent away for *Six Crises*, the kvetch classic, didn't interest me much. What I savored was the fact that a list almost as effective for the Republicans was a list of people who had sent away for Kozak, a cloth for cleaning cars without the use of water. That confirmed my suspicion of what a big Republican contributor might be like: a miserly old goat standing in front of his two-car garage, obsessed with preserving his expensive car but too stiff to get himself a little wet while doing it. (The big Democratic contributor, I figured, enjoyed getting himself soaked while washing a car that was equally expensive.) I was able to add a welcome detail to my picture of the fat cat when I discovered that one of the most effective lists for attracting subscribers to *Kiplinger's Newsletter*, a straight-poop Washington report that appealed to business executives, was a list of people who had sent away for Klipette, a device for removing nose hair.

"I have to quit thinking this way," I said to myself as the testimony droned on in Atlantic City. "Pretty soon, I'll be making lists of people who wore Nehru jackets and own multimillion-dollar watches and have a bulge in their pocket that looks suspiciously like a Klipette." Was I really the sort of person who judged a man by the way he dressed? Did I stand in favor of hairy noses? I finally managed to put the cost of the wristwatches of New Jersey legislators out of my mind. What worries me now is that one of those modern political scientists who finds truth in numbers is probably studying this very matter with a computer. He is adding up the value of the watches of the members of each State Legislature. He is dividing by the number of members. He is dividing that number by the number of indictments handed down against legislators in the previous year. He is producing a figure that confirms what I have known from the start. □

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ARTICLES.

WHO'LL MIND THE STORE?

Corporate Rhodesia

GARY WASSERMAN

As important as President Carter's anxiously awaited decision on lifting sanctions and recognizing the new Muzorewa Government in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia is, it ignores the major economic powers in that war-torn country—the multinationals. For them, the black versus white issue is secondary to maintaining their economic interests.

For they know that the proudly chauvinistic white settlers who are losing their lives in the guerrilla war don't even own their country's rich economy. The bulk of that ownership is held by a few giant British and South African multinational corporations, conglomerates whose interests and concerns are very different from those of the white settler population.

Even before 1965, when Ian Smith made his Unilateral Declaration of Independence, multinationals dominated the modern economy. In the last reliable Government survey (1963), a sample of 420 firms showed that foreign investment accounted for 69 percent of gross profits and more than 76 percent of the taxes paid. British holdings were between a half and two-thirds of foreign investment; South African investment was estimated at less than a third. The total foreign investment, some $850 million, was also very large for an economy the size of Rhodesia's. In South Africa, for example, there was only three times as much foreign investment for an economy ten times as large.

From the cloudy information available, it seems probable that neither sanctions nor Rhodesia's measures to overcome them dislodged big business or the multinationals from their economic pre-eminence. If anything, this dominance accelerated since independence, with the major source of investment apparently shifting from Britain to South Africa.

In the manufacturing sector, representing the largest single share of Rhodesia's gross domestic product, more than 60 percent of the output was produced by 7.6 percent of the firms. Foreign investment was the major source of capital of these larger manufacturing concerns. Mining production, which quadrupled in value between 1964 and 1976, is almost entirely dominated by large foreign companies. Before independence, three-quarters of the gross profits from agriculture went to foreign companies and there's little reason to believe that this has changed drastically since 1965. In industry, despite Government efforts to encourage small, locally based businesses, large firms have taken over an ever greater part of production. A South African study concluded that the relative gains of large industrial units were due to their faster growth and to the acceleration of mergers and takeovers. The study added ". . . there is no indication from the figures as to where ownership of the means of production is actually vested."

One indication that this reflects the ascendancy of foreign investment is a substantial rise in the investment income that is sent abroad. Including dividends, profits and interest, investment income paid abroad declined immediately after independence, then rose each year through 1974, when it reached some $125 million—double the net investment income sent abroad before 1965. By the early 1970s South Africa's capital holdings were estimated at around $400 million, twice the figure of a decade earlier. Of the ten largest companies in Rhodesia in 1970, five were wholly or partly South African and accounted for more than three-fourths of the ten's market value. However, there is evidence that British companies have indirectly kept control of their holdings through South African subsidiaries. Giant corporations like Anglo-American Corporation, De Beers Consolidated Mines, Barlow Rand, Charter Consolidated and Lonrho have, together, been called an "independent superstate," but in fact they depend on both British and South African capital. Their holdings in Rhodesia are large (profits in Rhodesian companies wholly or partly owned by Anglo-American were valued at $3 million in 1971-72) and range from mining to heavy and light industry to agriculture and foodstuffs. A recent study concluded that of Rhodesia's fifteen leading profit-earning companies in 1976, twelve were controlled by external groups.

Since multinationals are more interested in stability than in the racial composition of the Government, it is not at all clear that those in Rhodesia either want or need the settlers. Big business has always been a somewhat reluctant marcher in the white phalanx. A 1965 poll of the Association of Rhodesian Industries showed that only nineteen of 294 members backed the Universal Declaration of Independence. Lonrho's oft-reported financial support for guerrilla leader Joshua Nkomo is probably a part of a broad strategy to insure foreign business the friendship of any future black regime. Unlike the settlers, the multinationals would appear to have recent African history on their side.

Whether it was their breweries in capitalist Kenya, their oil wells in socialist Angola or their copper mines in in-between Zambia, foreign enterprises have smoothly adapted to the fairly pragmatic demands of African nationalism. With their control over needed capital and technology, their access to world markets, their ability to Africanize local management positions, and their willingness to share

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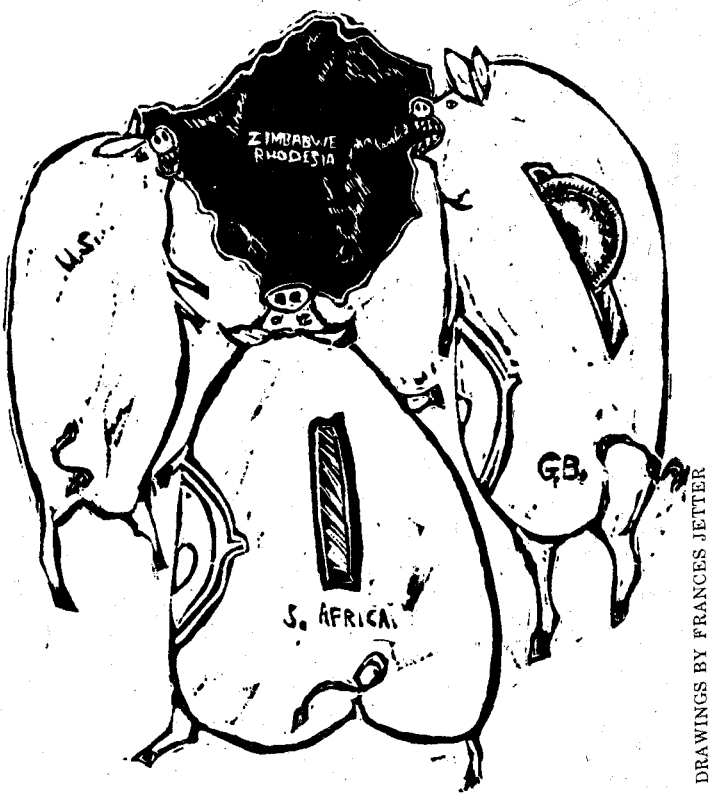
ownership rights with the government, these conglomerates have a number of cards to play. Almost all African governments, even the most radical, have decided that they need what the multinationals have to offer. Though the terms of a particular relationship may tilt the balance of gain and loss in a given country, the prospect for multinationals is generally bright in most of Africa.

For the Rhodesian settlers, the future is a lot darker. These farmers, small businessmen, skilled workers and civil servants have seen African governments as the death knell of white communities throughout Africa. Settler farmers have been overwhelmed by African land hunger, small businessmen have seen new governments encouraging African entrepreneurs to take over their easily accessible economic sector, and civil servants have found nationalist party members inheriting most of their administrative positions. Having lost political control, the settlers face overwhelming pressure on their wealth and way of life from the nationalist victors. As the multinationals reimplanted themselves in states like Algeria, Angola and Kenya, the settlers either slowly or precipitously packed up and left. The expectations for Zimbabwe-Rhodesia are similar.

As the Rhodesian settlers make plans to leave, the multinationals make plans to stay and look around for other guardians at the door. The settler-nominated nationalists who comprised the internal settlement Government were seen to be nonstarters. They couldn't end the war or gain support in the rural areas or legitimacy in the international arena and they were widely seen as black faces for the front office, while in the back rooms real power remains in white hands. Despite his election victory, Bishop Abel Muzorewa still carries these disabilities; whether he can establish a viable Government and end the war is dubious at best.

The multinationals cannot burn their bridges to the Patriotic Front camp. At one time they favored Joshua Nkomo as the candidate with the best chance of bringing stability and protection to the Rhodesian economy. The portly Nkomo with his socialist rhetoric and opportunistic politics was, at least before his brutal actions against civil aviation, viewed as the black breakwater stemming more radical tendencies. Local business leaders as well as British and American policy makers expressed their preference for Nkomo in a rather loud sotto voce. The British initiative with American support in separating Nkomo and Smith from their allies for fruitless face-to-face talks made this implicit support explicit. The British concern to protect their large investment makes their motivation for backing Nkomo pretty straightforward. The American interest in following the British down this path is much less clear.

Whatever the Rhodesia lobby in the Senate may think, American concerns, such as they are in the Rhodesian conflict, have been overwhelmingly strategic—to exclude the Russians and their Cuban friends. As long as their Communist adversaries didn't gain a foothold in yet another part of Africa,



DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

American policy makers have cared relatively little about who came out on top in the conflict. But the British, while paying lip service to what has often been seen on the Thames as the American obsession with Communists, must give first priority to preserving their economic stake in Rhodesia.

For English businessmen and diplomats are not the only players betting on the Nkomo horse. In money terms, far more valuable equipment and training have been provided by the Russians and Cubans. Once content to cover their bets by supplying both of the guerrilla armies, the Soviets switched to channeling large amounts of sophisticated weaponry exclusively to Nkomo's forces. If the case could be made that similar support branded the Katanga gendarmes in their periodic incursions into Zaire as agents of Soviet-Cuban policies, the silence that has covered Nkomo's international links is curious.

The plot thickens when one looks at the other guerrilla army led by Robert Mugabe, sometime ally of Nkomo. Mugabe was generally seen in Salisbury, London and Washington as the more threatening of the two nationalist leaders, a committed socialist who would expropriate multinational holdings. However, his forces are reportedly now being supplied by the Soviet Union again rather than by China.

Inasmuch as Chinese activities in Africa have been somewhere to the right of Brzezinski's anti-Soviet speeches, there might be many adverse consequences for foreign investment if Mugabe won, but expanding Soviet influence would not be one of them. Mugabe himself has denounced Soviet imperialism as more dangerous to Rhodesia than the Western variety.

So the United States, which has minimal economic interests in Rhodesia, and no vital national security ones, has in its policy been overly sensitive to the

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wishes of one international ally and the actions of one major adversary. Once the political fallout from the British elections and the Senate resolution dissipate, Nkomo may continue to be the perfect compromise candidate if Muzorewa falters. The interests of the white settlers of Rhodesia are beside the point in his projected rise to power. That the efforts of liberal American policy makers may well in the end benefit the interests of foreign corporations and Communist adventurists should also not come as a surprise. We are, after all, well into the political epoch of lowered expectations. □

ELF: FIRST-STRIKE RADIO

The Underground Trigger Finger

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

Trident submarines and missiles are a critical element in the Pentagon's emerging first-strike capability. They can get close enough to the Soviet Union to destroy Russian silo-based missiles within fifteen minutes from launch. But communicating with submarines has always been a problem. First of all, it must be a one-way monologue, because if the submarine commander replied, he would advertise his location. But even one-way communication is not possible with normal equipment because radio waves cannot reach a submerged vessel. And sending an antenna to the surface would also be a dead giveaway.

At present the United States uses a network of very-low frequency (VLF) transmitting stations located around the globe, which is known as the Fleet Broadcasting System. A unique characteristic of VLF is that it can penetrate sea water to a depth of 30 to 40 feet. A submarine can stay reasonably deep while sending an antenna close to, but still below, the surface.

Of course the locations of these land-based transmission stations, each dominated by an enormous antenna suspended from as many as thirteen 1,300-foot-high towers, are known. In times of crisis they could be easily destroyed with conventional weapons or by sabotage. Recognizing that weakness, the Navy has developed a more elusive backup system called Tacamo, which consists of a fleet of fourteen huge transport planes trailing 5½-mile-long antennas. One is always airborne over the Pacific and another over the Atlantic. Each airplane is a flying broadcasting station prepared to take over and send the fire command if land stations are blown up. As a matter of fact, Tacamo is an acronym for "*TA*ke *C*harge *A*nd *M*ove *O*ut."

Although VLF provides some degree of security to the submarine while it is receiving instructions, it still has drawbacks. The submarine must travel slower than cruising speed while an antenna is raised and it cannot be at maximum depth. Furthermore, an antenna array only 40 feet below the surface could be seen by anti-submarine patrol planes which might be searching the area. But most important, VLF does not provide continuous contact with the submarine commander since he can only receive commands at those predetermined times when he has an antenna near the surface. In effect, the missiles in strategic submarines are only available for launching during certain periods of the day.

To overcome the deficiencies of this cumbersome and iffy system, the Navy has hoped to bury a massive antenna grid under thousands of square miles of U.S. soil that would transmit extreme-low-frequency (ELF) vibrations capable of penetrating the ocean to the submarine's operational depth. That would allow continuous contact with the submerged fleet, although the speed of transmission would be slower. ELF is the only communication frequency that will allow the submarine to stay at operational depth and speed while being in continuous contact.

Because of its slow transmission rate, ELF would be practically invulnerable to nuclear blackouts that would plague other types of communication. Also, jamming an ELF transmitter would be virtually impossible. In short, the message, although slightly delayed, would get through under all conditions.

These features are significant because continuous contact with subs that are deep and traveling fast is absolutely necessary in a first-strike strategy. The targets of a second-strike retaliation are not too numerous and their destruction is preplanned. The fire command could easily wait until the next scheduled time for the submarine to raise an antenna. There are also contingency plans whereby a submarine skipper will fire his weapons if he is unable to establish contact over a prolonged period of time. Retaliation under the deterrent philosophy is assured even when there is no communication.

On the other hand, counterforce targets are more numerous and constant communication would be necessary to properly synchronize a first-strike attempt to destroy "time-urgent" targets (targets such as missile sites that must be destroyed quickly before they can launch their missiles in a first strike). That would be particularly critical if events escalate faster than war-room practitioners anticipate. Vice Admiral R. Y. Kaufman alluded to this necessity when he was asked during testimony before the Senate Armed Services Committee in early 1973 if deployment of Trident depended in any way on an ELF communication system:

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> Yes, in that the Trident operating in the Pacific would require a capability to deliver a message to it in some timely fashion. . . . For example, were you to consider the Trident or any submarine in the role of retaliatory only, striking urban and industrial targets only, you would accept [censored] delay. On the other hand, were you to demand from the system response to a time-sensitive target . . . you would expect response in a matter of [censored].

Even though the censor has scratched the response times, the sentence structure and phrasing alone indicate that for the "time-sensitive" first-strike targets it would be necessary to rally the submarine force very quickly. That would be the function of ELF.

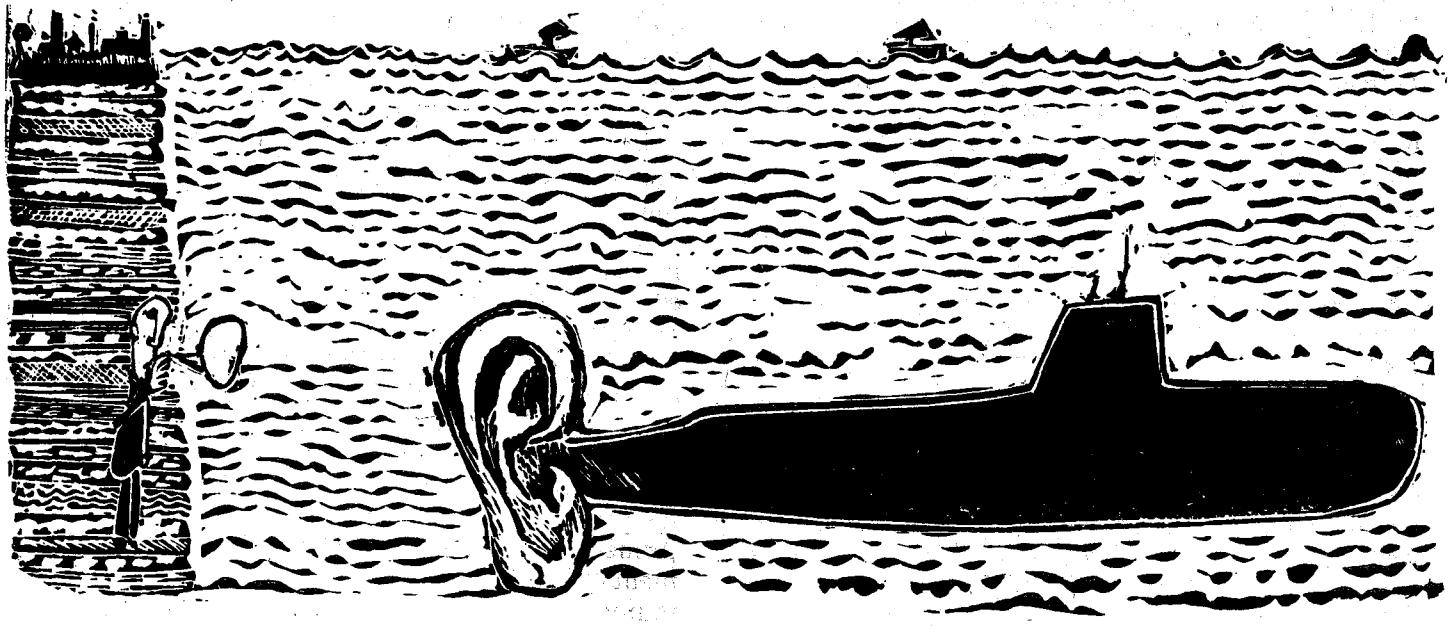
With an antenna or antenna buoy on the surface to receive VLF messages, a Trident submarine can only travel about 10 knots. With the antenna buoy 30 to 40 feet below the surface the speed would be cut to about 5 knots. But while receiving ELF messages the submarine can run considerably deeper and maintain a speed of about 30 knots.

The Navy started researching ELF in 1958. One concept was code-named Pisces and involved using the 850-mile-long power line extending from Los Angeles to Oregon as one giant ELF transmitting antenna. In 1969 the Navy built its ELF test facility at Clam Lake, Wis., with two underground antennas—each 14 miles long. That facility has now been hooked into the Navy's telecommunications system and is sending messages to submerged submarines.

The low power of the Wisconsin facility, however, restricts its range and prevents the submarines from going as fast and as deep as desirable while receiving messages. But it did lead to a proposed operational system composed of a network of deeply buried antenna cables in the state of Wisconsin. Called Sanguine, this system was supposed to be able to withstand a nuclear attack. But public uproar over the potentially harmful physical and environmental effects of the emitted radiation caused the Navy to abandon that state.

Texas was the next location proposed for Sanguine but, again, the people wouldn't have it. In addition, closer scrutiny showed that an antenna capable of surviving a nuclear attack spread over thousands of square miles was atrociously expensive. So with two strikes against it the Navy apparently decided to revise its approach. First, it changed the name to Seafarer to remove undesirable connotations associated with its ill-fated predecessor. Next, it cut costs by eliminating the nuclear "hardness" requirement, meaning that Seafarer would not be buried as deep. It would still consist, nevertheless, of 2,400 miles of antenna cable buried 6 feet beneath the ground over a 4,700-square-mile area. Although Seafarer would not be as durable as Sanguine, it would definitely be cheaper and, says the Navy, less environmentally objectionable. It was then proposed for installation in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan because the underlying layers of low-conductivity rock make that portion of the United States the best ELF transmitter site. This Laurentian Shield, as it is called, provides the geological resonance which makes the antenna effective.

Public sentiment in the eight affected counties in the Michigan Upper Peninsula was 4 to 1 against Seafarer. Besides worrying about the destruction of wilderness and wildlife—to say nothing of the electromagnetic waves interfering with radio and television reception, electrifying fences and possibly even altering human brain waves—there were allegations that the Navy was suppressing a report showing that ELF radiation increases the triglyceride level in the blood, which can cause heart problems. Nevertheless, the Navy kept up its public relations campaign. But on March 18, 1977, Gov. William G. Milliken vetoed the installation of Seafarer in Michigan. His telegram to Secretary of Defense Harold Brown said: "The people of Michigan do not want Seafarer, nor do I." In spite of this, Congress still gave the Navy $15 million to spend in 1978 for ELF equipment development and continued operation of the Wisconsin test facility.



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On February 16, 1978, the large-scale ELF concept was doomed once and for all when President Carter ordered Secretary Brown to terminate Project Seafarer. The Navy showed quick footwork, however, and proposed a scaled-down system in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan that would employ only 130 miles of antenna cable, which would be buried along roadways and other rights of way. Pentagon officials claimed that this would have less effect on the environment. The 130 miles of cable would be divided into three 40-to-45-mile-long antennas. Each would terminate at the K.I. Sawyer Air Force Base where the transmitter is located.

This proposed Michigan network would then be coupled electronically to the Wisconsin facility 165 miles away by a simple leased telephone line. A control station would synchronize both transmitters and the resulting 158 miles of antenna (twenty-eight in Wisconsin and 130 in Michigan) would conveniently, according to the Navy, still provide the same global coverage as Seafarer although the speed with which messages could be sent would be slower. The planned operational date for this combined complex is 1983.

The system's range is somewhat limited, however, and ELF communications with submarines in the Indian and southwest Pacific Oceans would not be possible. But if there were a comparable installation in Australia it would just about cover the remainder of the globe. As early as 1970, Robert Cooksey (a lecturer in international relations at the Australian National University who has written extensively on American bases in Australia) presented evidence that a so-called "weather station" near Alice Springs in the Northern Territory is actually a facility for sending ELF messages to submarines. This was allegedly made possible when the station was modified in 1967—two years before the Wisconsin facility was in operation. Five antenna cables leading from the main brick building to a concrete bunker apparently go underground.

The large amounts of electrical energy needed to operate an ELF transmitter in that remote locality would be furnished by a nuclear power plant reportedly installed secretly at the neighboring U.S. Air Force satellite ground station at Pine Gap. That installation was also supposed to have occurred in 1967—the same year that the weather station was modified but still nine years after the Pentagon started investigating ELF possibilities. If there is, in fact, an ELF transmitter in Australia, it would complete the global coverage for sending simple digital messages to America's missile-packing submarines. Three-character coded instructions planned by the Navy will transmit any one of more than 17,000 prearranged message possibilities to its destination. That would be adequate to define the desired target set.

Back to the Wisconsin-Michigan transmitting station: Navy officials admit that it would be vulnerable to attack but they say its main function is to allow the submarine to remain concealed during the day-to-day "pre-attack period." When a crisis does arise, the Navy claims, it can use ELF to tell the submarine to put an antenna near the surface to receive an "emergency action message"—the order to fire missiles. Slowing up and going near the surface at that stage is no handicap because the submarine must do that anyway to launch its missiles. Neither is it critical to remain completely elusive at this time because there are other functions associated with launching missiles that are more revealing than an antenna near the surface. It does not take much imagination to see how even the mere ability to tell a submarine commander to send up an antenna fits into the first-strike scenario. And it is my judgment that ELF will be able to do more than that.

Even the reduced-size ELF scheme is having a rough time. The Governors of both Michigan and Wisconsin oppose it and so do many of the Congressmen from those states. In mid-1978 the House Armed Services Committee recommended that the $40.6 million requested for ELF be cut to $10 million and work restricted to the Wisconsin base. The reason for this, according to the committee, was that testimony did not indicate that the Soviet anti-submarine warfare threat was sufficiently real to justify the 130-mile system in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. It is too bad that this same rationale is not used to curtail funds for Trident and our own anti-submarine warfare programs.

There seems to be something even more subtle behind ELF than submarine communications. *Air Force* magazine reports that one of the two main research and development programs for the Worldwide Military Command and Control System focuses on superhard command posts buried at great depths. A further hint comes from Congressional testimony by the Deputy Director of Defense Research and Engineering. While discussing ELF he said:

> [Censored] build them deeper than a crater. The problem is communicating with them. There is no use having all of the authorities in a hole in the ground where no one can talk to them.

It so happens that ELF waves can also penetrate the earth to a considerable depth. If superhard command posts were built deeper than a hydrogen bomb crater it would not be very difficult to devise a communication system that would survive and allow the commanders to command. A very deep ELF transmitter might very well be the link between those officials and the strategic nuclear forces. If such is the case, ELF would not only be the trigger finger for Trident but also for Missile X, cruise missiles and intercontinental bombers. ELF may very well turn out to be the critical link during the rapidly changing events of a first strike. □

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EXPORTING CANCER

Making the Third World Marlboro Country

ALBERT HUEBNER

Transnational tobacco companies are looking to a vast new market of cigarette smokers in the Third World to compensate for the leveling off of their other, established markets. In America, fewer people are smoking but they are smoking more, creating an $18 billion cigarette market—up from $10.1 billion in 1968—that is the largest ever. The rest of the world market, most of it in Europe and the largest nations in Asia, is more than five times as large, representing $100 billion in worldwide sales—approximately one-fourth the size of the bloated world arms budget. But the tobacco giants are not happy with their balance sheets. Growth in the United States has averaged only about 1 percent annually over the past five years. The European market is becoming equally stagnant as Britain, France, Sweden and Russia intensify their anti-smoking campaigns.

By contrast, the developing nations offer a market capable of most lucrative exploitation. The potential smokers comprise more than half the world's population. Governments in those nations are unlikely to spend scarce funds on anti-smoking campaigns and will be reluctant to give up increasing tax revenue from cigarette sales. And because direct evidence of the health hazards is not yet visible in their countries, inhabitants of the Third World are as likely to succumb to the subtle but powerful call of cigarette advertising as were millions of Americans in the decades before the first Surgeon General's Report in 1964.

Lured by this hot new market, transnational tobacco companies have been vigorously stepping up their sales campaigns in the Third World. According to *Forbes*, U.S. cigarette exports have nearly tripled during the last decade, although some of this increase went to Europe and Japan. Philip Morris, first of the U.S. companies into the foreign market, has been increasing its overseas cigarette sales at a spectacular 18 percent a year over the last decade. R.J. Reynolds got a later start, but its foreign earnings soared from $52 million to $82 million last year. British-based Rothmans International reported last year that "healthy gains in exports" to developing countries "helped profits to rise 30 percent."

Dr. Mumtaz Ahmad of the Pakistan Tobacco Company, a subsidiary of British-American Tobacco (B.A.T.), reports that sales have been increasing by 8 percent annually in his country. He predicts that, starting in 1978, this figure will rise to 10 percent. Similar growth is sweeping other Third World countries; overall, according to the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, cigarette consumption in the developing world is growing at 5 percent a year. This means that consumption of cigarettes is rising in regions of the world least able to afford the many woes that accompany addiction to tobacco.

Philip Morris is selling cigarettes in more than 160 countries and British-American Tobacco, the world's largest cigarette maker, distributes some 300 brands in 180 countries. In Brazil, for example, B.A.T. controls 83 percent of a market that is already large and growing faster than any other in the Western world. Philip Morris and Reynolds, trying to catch up, have poured millions into buying local companies and establishing brands. They are still losing money in Brazil, but according to Hugh Cullman, president of Philip Morris International, "The carrot there is definitely worth the effort."

Signs of this invasion by the tobacco transnationals are ominously present in other Latin American countries. A 1975 survey by the Pan American Health Organization showed that 45 percent of the men in eight urban areas smoked cigarettes; by contrast, barely 39 percent of the males in the United States were still smoking then. As economic conditions improve among some segments of the population, so exploitation of this market will further enrich the tobacco companies.

At the heart of this penetration into the Third World is what has been at the core of making the United States the highest per capita consumer of cigarettes in the world: salesmanship. "We're a marketing organization," says Philip Morris's Cullman. "Our success is related to our ability to market and merchandise, using consistent and integrated themes aimed at the growth segments of the markets." What is marketed, as we well know, is not just a product but the symbol of a way of life. Erik Eckholm, senior researcher at Worldwatch Institute in Washington, notes: "Simple tubes of tobacco have come to represent modernity, savoir-faire, and in the minds of children, who for decades have plunked down nickels for candy cigarettes and bubble-gum cigars, adulthood." He adds that "a street waif in Cairo is as apt to beg for a cigarette as for coins."

A report by Dr. Martin Fishbein to the Federal Trade Commission proves the effectiveness with which cigarette advertisements create appeal for the poisons they push. One survey among young Americans showed that this advertising reinforced "the image of the teen-age smoker as young, attractive, healthy and sexy." Another found that smokers of each sex see the female smoker as "sexually open, so-

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phisticated, sociable, flirtatious, good-looking and a career woman."

The tobacco merchandisers have found that implanting images in the Third World is a process remarkably similar to that in their domestic markets. When Philip Morris made its initial assault on the cigarette market overseas, Marlboro, its major brand, logically led the way. The "Marlboro country" theme needed little modification, thanks largely to the global popularity of Western movies. *Dun's Review*, in an article appropriately titled "P.M.'s Foreign Invasion," reported that "P.M. soon realized that the [Marlboro] cowboy was a winner, attracting smokers right across Europe and as far afield as Lebanon and Kuwait."

Other standard themes are attracting smokers even further afield. The French brand, Gauloise, stresses two ideas in its African marketing: it is a "virile cigarette," this cited as an important quality "considering the male pride of the African," and it is a "high-status" cigarette. In Niger, a beauty pageant selects "Miss Gitanes," the name being that of a brand sold by the tobacco company that created the pageant. Elsewhere, sports competitions are sponsored and publicized by the tobacco transnationals, which make effective use of testimonials from local athletes.

In 1977, R.J. Reynolds launched in the United States a campaign at an estimated $50 million for its new cigarette, Real. This in a national market that is stagnant. It should come as no surprise, then, that the tobacco giants are spending vast sums in the developing world, where the potential for growth is almost incalculable. In Malaysia, for example, the two leading companies spent approximately £1 per adult male for advertising in 1976, although per capita gross national product is only £400. In Kenya, where British-American Tobacco operates without any competition, it is the country's fourth largest media advertiser, and also spends heavily on sports sponsorship and competitions in schools.

The goal is nothing less than to make virtually every man and woman, and a considerable number of children, smokers. That goal is being appreciably aided by the general absence of advertising restrictions and health warnings on cigarette packs. If developing nations follow the example of industrialized countries, policy toward tobacco won't change until its effects begin to show in the mortality tables.

To insure that this example *is* followed, the tobacco giants use some powerful weapons. They can produce copious figures demonstrating how much tax they have collected for a government—one invariably in desperate need of revenue. Their persuasion is further strengthened by recruitment of the highest in the land to the cause of smoking. B.A.T., for example, has among the directors of its Third World subsidiaries former Cabinet members, central bank governors and members of ruling families.

If Third World governments have been seduced into passively accepting the tobacco transnationals, Western governments, the United States among them, have played an active role in the invasion. In 1933, the U.S. Agricultural Adjustment Act classified tobacco as a "basic agricultural commodity," thus defining the crop as a necessity to the farm and general economy. That paved the way for support payments and for export under Lend-Lease during World War II.

Whatever the legitimacy of Government subsidies may have been for both domestic and exported tobacco, it steadily eroded as study after study reached the conclusions about the hazards of smoking that culminated in the first Surgeon General's Report. Yet the United States still spends more than $60 million a year for tobacco subsidies, in addition to tying up about $650 million in price-stabilization loans. The most contemptible participation by the U.S. Government in support of the foreign invasion is through the "Food for Peace" program. Although allegedly created to aid needy countries, its underlying goals have been to dump agricultural surpluses, develop commercial markets, and provide indirect economic aid to friendly governments. Consistent with these objectives, if not with the program's altruistic title, tobacco valued at hundreds of millions of dollars has been shipped to Third World countries.

The standard argument for continuing the Government support of tobacco is that cutting it off would bring economic hardship to tobacco farmers and seasonal workers. Leaving aside the human misery created in this country by a wide range of cigarette-related disease and the expansion of that misery into other parts of the world, it isn't clear how the value of the entire $2.3 billion tobacco crop in the United States can justify the direct health costs of smoking, estimated by the American Cancer Society at $15 billion. It certainly isn't clear how Government subsidies can be justified. And ironically, some of this money goes for mechanization that will squeeze out small farmers and eliminate the need for many of the seasonal workers.

The United States isn't alone in its hypocritical support of tobacco colonization. Even as many countries in Europe intensify anti-smoking programs at home, the European Economic Community pays a large subsidy to tobacco farmers. According to Eckholm, "In 1975, E.E.C. tobacco growers . . . received $206 million in 'premiums' from the community," and to keep Italy's exports competitive outside the European Community, "the E.E.C. provides a subsidy of about 10 cents for each pound of tobacco sold."

China, the largest tobacco-producing country in the world, follows a distressingly similar path. Eckholm describes the participation of the Chinese Government monopoly at a recent Philippine trade fair, displaying brands "with names like Peony, Golden Orchid and Golden Deer; and Sailing Boat herb cigarettes, which, the Chinese salesmen pointed out, have a reputation for 'allaying asthma and relieving cough.'"

China's attitude toward smoking is unique among major powers. Despite strong emphasis on improving

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the health of its people, it has had no anti-smoking campaigns. In fact, until very recently, information about the hazards of smoking has been systematically excluded from the Chinese press. Finally, last August, an article in the *Kwangming Daily* by two of the country's most distinguished doctors set before the public for the first time the facts about the contribution of cigarettes to bronchitis, emphysema, throat and lung cancer, hypertension and heart disease. The article placed the blame for China's lax attitude toward the use of tobacco on "the pernicious influence of the Gang of Four."

Even the United Nations hasn't consistently resisted the rapid spread of cigarettes to the underdeveloped world. One agency, the World Health Organization, has declared that control of smoking could do more to improve health and prolong life than any other single action in the whole field of preventive medicine. It greatly fears that increased use of tobacco in developing countries may reverse gains in public health that it has been supporting. But W.H.O. has to contend with the F.A.O. and the United Nations Development Program, both of which have been actively promoting tobacco as a cash crop in many underdeveloped countries.

The conflict comes down to a trade-off between health and economic growth. Fears about consequences to health are more likely to be realized, however, than any hopes for genuine economic development. The wave of mechanization sweeping U.S. tobacco farms will quickly be brought to areas of cultivation in the Third World. There, as here, reduced demand for labor and increased need of capital are likely to eliminate both jobs and small farmers.

As for health in the Third World, there is a more immediate cost than that due to the effects of increased smoking. According to the F.A.O., 10.9 million acres of scarce arable land were given over to tobacco in 1976, 69 percent of this in underdeveloped countries. The tobacco industry rejects the charge that this is a colossal waste of acreage badly needed to feed the hungry, claiming that its operations provide the technical advice, marketing assistance and cash necessary to boost food production. Sir Richard Dobson, then-chairman of B.A.T., said in 1976: "I believe it is safe to say that more food is produced because of the presence of tobacco than would be grown in its absence."

This argument holds only if the tobacco produced is exported to provide a net gain in earnings that can be used to increase food production. But worldwide trends in smoking mean that an increasing proportion of tobacco grown in Third World countries is smoked within their borders. Tobacco-exporting nations such as Zambia and Sri Lanka are already finding that the cost of tobacco is greater than the revenue it produces when the price paid for domestic smoking is taken into account.

If economic progress through tobacco cultivation is unlikely, the health hazards of increased smoking are not. Smoking is virtually unrivaled as a cause of disease in developed countries. The young will be the most tragically victimized in the Third World. Concern over the effect of cigarette smoking during pregnancy has risen sharply in the past few years. Women who smoke during the last two trimesters of pregnancy have babies with significantly lower birth weights than nonsmoking mothers, increasing the child's risk of disease and death. These greater risks are aggravated by the poverty and poor maternal nutrition that are widespread in many of the Third World countries targeted by the tobacco giants.

The special victimization of the young is particularly offensive in light of another corporate invasion of the Third World. People in many industrial nations were outraged a few years ago when reports began appearing that several multinational corporations were irresponsibly and deceitfully marketing infant formulas in underdeveloped nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America. The tactics used ranged from the usual advertising emphasis on status and sophistica-

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tion to sending employees, dressed in white uniforms, to visit mothers in maternity wards and, later, in their homes. The goal was to convince the women to abandon breast-feeding in favor of the bottle.

The campaign has had tragic consequences. According to an article in *Science*, "Illnesses ... are more common among the bottle-fed infants, to such an extent that their mortality rate is much higher than that of babies that are exclusively breast-fed." Derrick Jelliffe, professor of pediatrics and public health at the University of California at Los Angeles and former director of the Caribbean Food and Nutrition Institute in Jamaica, has estimated that about 10 million cases of malnutrition and severe diarrhea in developing countries can be attributed to improper bottle feeding.

The governments of underdeveloped countries are in a poor position to resist such incursions, precisely because their nations *are* underdeveloped. Unemployment, inadequate revenue, the need for investment capital and lack of technical information make them easy prey. Just as the infant-formula companies have been made the focus of a large and still growing campaign against exporting dangerous bottle-feeding practices, the tobacco companies must be made the focus of any campaign against export of smoking to poor countries. It is certain to benefit people of both the developing *and* the developed worlds. □

GAMBLING AS CIVIC VIRTUE

Rendering Unto Caesar's World

HEYWOOD HALE BROUN

Yesterday's gamblers were an unsavory lot of moral lepers, organized criminals on one side, doomed and greedy dupes on the other. They are characterized in a John Held woodcut I own, which shows a distraught young man about to drink from a bottle labeled "poison" while a smiling bookmaker counts a wad of money and horses canter by in the background on their way to ruin someone else.

Today's gamblers are, it appears, public-spirited people, anxious to help the schools of New York State, the poor and elderly of Atlantic City and the American team for the Winter Olympics. If Mayor Edward Koch has his way, other good citizens can, by their hours of volunteer work in casinos, help straighten out the budget of New York City.

The Irish thought up this gold-leaf coat for the gambling instinct a long time ago when they established the hospitals sweepstakes, which were always publicized by pretty nurses as an indication that every ticket bought a roll of bandage. Oddly, this effort by the Irish to improve medical care in the Republic did not strike a responsive chord in our Government, which devoted the time of innumerable postal inspectors to tracking down and confiscating the tickets that were mailed to this country. Our Treasury Department took a tax on such winnings as filtered back here despite the best efforts to stop the sale of tickets in the first place, but the American establishment's general attitude toward gambling remained that it seriously weakened the national strength through draining away the pennies of the poor.

One of the particular targets of the moralists was the policy or numbers game in Harlem, a popular pastime which could be played for as little as a nickel, the aim being to pick correctly a three-figure number, with a chance of getting $27 for your nickel. The banker gave 600-to-1 odds on the 999-to-1 chance and the winners were expected to give a tenth of their winnings to the "runner" who took their bets. The bankers lived on their arithmetical advantage, the runners on their cuts, and the bettors on the pleasant daydreams that sustained them through long grinding days of dull dead-end work, days that ended at least with a bright moment of hope as one opened the early edition of *The Daily News* or *The Mirror* to see if This Was The Day. Once the bankers even had a day in the red when "Dutch" Schultz, believed to be a major figure among them, was shot to death in a barber chair and every sensible person went out and bet what proved to be the day's number—000.

It is, of course, impossible for the state lottery to have a losing day since it takes in a lot of money and only gives back a small percentage, which small percentage is then combed over by the tax people. I would hate to be a bureaucrat whose salary was based on declared winnings from the numbers game.

Several states now have equivalents of the numbers and as far as I know none of them pays up to the 540-to-1 figure that satisfied the rapacious and evil octopi of organized crime. One official even argued that people would be happy to accept the lower payoffs of state-run gambling because of their knowledge of the wonderful uses to which their losses were put.

All this begs the question of what happened to all those old arguments about the deleterious moral effect of betting, an effect that made paupers of the working class, embezzlers of the middle class and wastrels of the rich.

The only person I've heard carrying on like an old-time hellfire preacher is Bernard Rome, former head of New York State's Off-Track Betting Corporation, who presided over the collection of OTB's 5 percent surcharge on the state and the track's take. Never apparently having seen the old horse players loading onto buses for a five-hour ride to Bowie, he thinks casino gambling is the most addictive and ruinous form of gambling. For protesting against its introduction in New York, he lost his job.

To be in step with today's high-level thinking about

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gambling, one must march with William H. McElnea Jr., who said in a recent Wall Street speech, "Various levels of government have recognized the public benefits to be derived from legalized gaming, and there is a rapidly growing public acceptance of gaming as a legitimate business operation as well as a legal enterprise. The combination is creating a vast new market for our industry."

It will not come as a great surprise if I tell you that Mr. McElnea is the president of Caesar's World, and I will spare you a whole lot of irony about using words like "industry" to describe a craps table. Irony withers before the fact that Aetna Life Insurance is lending $60 million to Caesar's to get more tables into action while Morgan Guaranty Trust Company is raising money for the sporting enterprises of the Del E. Webb Company.

There doesn't seem to be an octopus anywhere in this respectable picture, even though the old and poor of Atlantic City, who were supposed to be the original beneficiaries of the gambling gains collected by their government, are streaming out of town like victims of a bombing raid as they are evicted to make room for more casinos.

I hope the old and poor realize that "public benefit" has many meanings, and I hope the New York grocery shoppers who bellyache about nickel price rises, as they buy dollar lottery tickets, will glory in our victories at Lake Placid.

As for me, I live on the memory of the day when, as a 10-year-old, I hit the number for a nickel and, opening the rolls of quarters, saw more money than—in a dream sense—I was ever to see again; on recollections of the solicitous health questions of my telephone bookmaker when I called in my action each day during a long adolescent illness; of the kindly smiles of the Rogan brothers, bookmakers in the old days of the open ring in New York, who always gave me 2 to 1 on 8-to-5 shots because I was betting only $2.

I was, of course, living what was described then and since as a corrupt and misspent youth, but the odd thing is that I now buy only groceries at the market, leaving the Olympic team to get there on its own, and that on my last two trips to Las Vegas I emerged without rendering anything to Caesar.

I wish luck to Mayor Koch, Mr. McElnea and the Morgan Guaranty, but I can't help remembering wistfully that those old octopi gave me a much better run for my money. □

Tokyo Round

(Continued From Front Cover)

equitable conditions." So far, fifty-nine out of the sixty developing nations who took part in the trade negotiations have expressed disagreement with Mr. Carter. Only Argentina signed the agreement in Geneva on April 12.

There can be little doubt that the new trade agreement will make the rich richer. It favors the advanced nations over the poorer ones, the global oligopolies over smaller, competitive firms, the Sunbelt over the Northeast and, in general, accelerates the process of uneven development. Nor is there any doubt that new currency arrangements in Europe will bring increased suffering to workers, especially in the weaker capitalist economies. The union-crushing policies of the Chilean junta are being adopted by democratic regimes everywhere. How this is so and why this is happening are relatively easy to explain. The world economy has been in a period of relative stagnation for the last half decade, and those with the power to do so are engaging in some self-serving restructuring.

Those who have "invested their human capital" in the study of economics understand that conventional theory understates the adjustment costs of free trade. The doctrinal consensus that devolves from Hume and Ricardo stresses that in equilibrium everyone is better off after trade than before. Basically the reasoning comes down to the rather obvious formulation: if both parties didn't benefit from trade why would they agree to it? Of course there is another tradition that has an answer to that seemingly rhetorical question: they didn't agree to trade. That is what imperialism, colonialism and neocolonialism are and have always been about. However, even within the mainstream, there has been an uncomfortable acceptance of the fact that adjustment to new trade patterns often imposes transitional costs on some and bestows windfall gains to others.

Although the new round of tariff liberalization will have the effect of increasing U.S. exports of agricultural and highly sophisticated technological products (computers, electronics and aircraft, which will now face lower barriers in foreign markets), it will also create new unemployment in older manufacturing industries in the Northeast (textiles, leather products, steel and televisions—which are made more cheaply abroad). Yankee machine operators and assembly-line workers will bear the brunt of freer world trade.

Presidential advisers could provide a list of industries in the Northeast and industrial Mid-Atlantic regions which would benefit from liberalized trade—data processing, scientific equipment and a few others—but they could hardly conceal the fact that the overall impact of the agreement would be higher unemployment throughout the declining industrial belt. The Government's figures optimistically forecast a net gain of from 50,000 to 100,000 jobs, but the gains would accrue to agribusiness (on some $4 billion in annual exports) and to high-technology firms in the Sunbelt.

Unlike the French steelworkers, who have clashed with police repeatedly, even attacking a police station with bulldozers in the small mill town of Denain,

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American workers, while angry at job losses, are more apt to blame "foreign competition" than the economic policies of their own Government. Still, as efforts to set up a worker-owned cooperative to run a major abandoned steel mill in Youngstown suggest, American workers are beginning to look around for alternatives. The problems in the steel industry are particularly serious. Last year, a third of European capacity was idled, and despite Government subsidies it is clear that saving jobs defies capitalist logic.

Competition has become intense among major capitalist nations as each tries to channel subsidies to the large capital-intensive, technologically advanced corporations, force the others to merge or die, cut the work force and close obsolete plants. The long-run trend for the advanced capitalist nations is to abandon labor-intensive, simple-technology industries to the less-developed countries, and accept high levels of domestic dislocation and unemployment as the price of progress. The effects are a forcing down of wages in the advanced countries for large numbers of blue-collar workers and a reconstruction of the labor force to include more service work and low-paid routinized tasks in nonunionized settings on one hand, and a smaller elite sector geared to strong high-technology production, on the other. This restructuring favors the global corporations and the more privileged professional work force at the expense of small capital and most of labor, both organized and unorganized.

This profound transformation of the world economy makes the development of new strategies a life-and-death matter for organized labor and the parties of the left in the United States and Europe. The new trade agreement also is heating up conflict between the less-developed nations and the advanced capitalist economies.

While boycotting the GATT signing ceremonies, the underdeveloped countries pressed for concessions from the advanced capitalist countries at the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development meeting in Manila recently. UNCTAD is their forum, the place where "North-South" issues are discussed, and an arena that will be used to denounce the United States and its major trading partners for concluding an agreement that they feel fails to take note of their pressing needs. Indeed, provisions of the treaty allow for continued discrimination against the underdeveloped countries on an individual basis.

These countries note that at the start of the Tokyo Round talks five years ago it was promised that their needs would be provided for through special trade concessions. In fact, the opposite has been the case. Duties on their exports, calculations by the Secretariat of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade show, would decline by only a quarter of present levels, compared with well over a third in the average tariff reduction.

The dollar still accounts for about 80 percent of international reserves (about the same as a decade earlier). In recent years, however, half of the increase in exchange reserves of dollars has come to be held by the major advanced capitalist nations, who have increased their holdings not because they think the dollar strong and a secure place to keep reserves but rather to prevent their own currencies from rising too fast against the dollar. The rest of the world has been trying to get away from the dollar as a reserve currency. Both groups react to the same stimulus, the bleak outlook for the dollar.

Not only are the German and Swiss central banks buying dollars, they are further helping the United States by making it difficult for others to increase holdings of marks and francs, hoping to avoid, as the financial press would say, "the dollar disease"—loss of control over domestic money supply caused by an overextension of currency used in international financial dealings. However, even the central bankers don't really know how much of their national currency has found its way into the reserves of other central banks. In the meantime these nations are trying to build a new basis of international finance.

The eight countries that have tied their currencies into the newly formed European Monetary System (E.M.S.) have formally given up a great deal of national autonomy. They must run their economies so that their currencies stay closely related to the new European Currency Unit—the ECU. They have agreed to intervene in international financial markets should the value of their money stray more than 2¼ percent from its "par" value established by the new system. (Economically troubled Italy has a safety band of 6 percent.) The formula is a little more complicated but basically the idea is simple. A divergence indicator shows how far a currency has moved from the ECU, a trade-weighted "cocktail" of all European Economic Community currencies, in which central banks settle debts.

Even before the E.M.S., the long-run story has been a synchronizing of the national economies into a single world system. Recessions used to happen at different times in various parts of the world economy. They were transmitted from place to place, as a disease spreads, based on incidence of contact and virulence of the strain of virus. Today, however, economic intercourse is such that transmittal is almost instantaneous. The E.M.S. puts further pressure on nation-states to harmonize rates of growth so that they can maintain the exchange-rate relations of the E.E.C. in equilibrium. But despite the long-standing participation of the state in European capitalist economies, such a task is in the long run beyond its capacities. When West Germany can hold its rate of price increase to 3 percent while its partners flirt with double-digit inflation, a harmonious relationship is difficult, if not impossible, to maintain.

I find international economics these days far more interesting than any other form of spectator entertainment. Yet when one confronts the question of what sensible, progressive people should advocate, what the sensible alternatives are, one runs squarely against the stone wall of "the system." Some reforms can be suggested to control the banks, and especially

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their now almost totally unregulated international dealings. The Carter Administration, characteristically, is moving in two directions on this issue. It is lofting trial balloons—e.g., proposals for a free banking zone on Wall Street to compete with Bahama tax havens for the funds of the shadowy figures who manipulate currencies and wheel and deal across national frontiers, avoiding societal controls. On the other hand, it is also finally beginning to move in concert with German central bankers to bring the "stateless" Euromarkets under control. U.S. dollars account for 80 percent of the $500 billion to $900 billion of Euromarket funds. That economists cannot offer a more precise estimate of how much excess liquidity is out there is a sign of the enormous problems this unregulated market now presents. The U.S.-German plan would have each nation regulate "its" banks wherever they operate and calls for a coordination agreement among the central bankers to harmonize policies.

Opposition comes from the banks and from the financial gnomes. The banks, and especially the U.S. banks, object because their profits from Euromarkets have been substantial and interbank loans have a multiplier effect that creates new reserves and thus more money to lend. Without reserve requirements and other forms of regulation they are freer about making loans, reporting income for tax purposes and so on. The gnomes of Zurich and London are also vociferous in their opposition. International regulatory standards remove the advantage of offshore banking havens, and some financial experts suggest that they could eliminate London as a major center of international finance.

The costs of continued nonregulation are, however, too high for the world's central bankers, and especially the United States, not to act. Because large borrowers now have access to Euromarkets, efforts by central bankers to restrict their domestic borrowing are undercut; firms merely turn to overseas funding and the inflationary impact is felt in the national economy. By imposing reserve requirements on Eurocurrency deposits, central bankers could restrict credit and raise borrowing costs, preventing such an out for their nationals. One should not, however, exaggerate the benefits of such a reform. It too will only limit the small- and medium-size debtors while the giants will continue to borrow, paying whatever interest is required and passing the cost on in higher prices. If the opposition of the banks and the British and the Swiss Governments can be overcome, the proposed reform may help slow down the rate of growth of Eurocurrency markets, which have been expanding by more than 20 percent a year for the past half decade, but one can count on evasive actions to undercut regulation. Indeed, the Eurodollar is the product of the success of transnationals to evade borrowing controls the Kennedy Administration attempted to impose on them. As badly needed as they are, Euromarket controls will be difficult to impose because access to Eurodollars has been a major advantage to the transnationals as they expand their dominance. For

the Carter Administration a delicate balance is required. It has been on the free creation of new liquidity and proliferation of debt that the fragile growth of the world economy had depended. At the same time, like a junkie requiring a larger dose to get the same effect, the cost of sustaining the high gets greater and greater. More and more effort is required. At some point an overdose is possible, with dire consequences, or else a painful period of withdrawal is required. The international monetary scene is similarly diseased.

Trade and international monetary matters will continue to dominate high-level economic debates. The days of the national economy are receding into history as we move into a single-world economy.

"The system" is still capitalism and it is changing—as it always has been. But today's dynamism is restructuring world markets and undercutting the power of advanced capitalist nations the same way it has in backward countries for centuries. It is now a matter of time. The power that a nation-state cedes in deference to its more powerful corporate citizens today it will find difficult, if not impossible, to gather back in the future. As the world economy becomes a unified entity, all nations become captives of the system's logic, which means surrendering their power to engage in independent national monetary and fiscal policy. National planning within the system can only be in service to the system, promoting austerity for the working class and subsidies to capital. □

INTERVENTION Issue is available from *The Nation* at bulk rates—10 copies, $8; 50 copies, $30; 100 copies, $50; 1,000 copies, $300.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Televised Past

ERIC FONER

A few weeks ago, I spent three days in California attending a conference devoted to the docudrama, that blend of fact and fiction now so much in vogue on television. Among the fifty-odd participants were such TV heavyweights as David Susskind and *Roots* producer David Wolper, along with a host of writers, directors and network executives. There were also a few TV critics and a number of outside stars such as Gore Vidal (who angered his audience by announcing that he never watches television), along with four historians of rather more modest fame.

Like the rest of television programming, docudramas run the gamut from serious drama to soap opera, but most begin with the laudable intention of illuminating an aspect of the past. Some of these, like two shows re-creating the Entebbe raid, are thrown together with a haste mirrored in the shoddiness of the productions. Others, like *The Adams Chronicles* or the dramatization of Watergate, John Dean's *Blind Ambition*, are high-budget affairs, thoroughly researched and years in the making. *Collision Course: Truman and MacArthur* and *The Ordeal of Patty Hearst* typify, each in its own way, shows which deal with real people in real situations. Others, like *Holocaust*, portray fictional characters in a historical setting.

Obviously, the mingling of fact and fiction, history and drama, is nothing new. What is new is not the docudrama form itself but the insistent claims for historical authenticity that accompany it and the controversy these claims have aroused. Sharp criticism of the genre has appeared in the pages of *TV Guide*, *The New York Times*, *Saturday Review* and other publications. The docudrama form has been accused of allowing fiction to masquerade as history, of allowing writers to play fast and loose with the facts while retaining the veneer of historical authenticity. The critics are alarmed by what they perceive as distorted history reaching the huge audience commanded by television.

Not only TV critics but network executives, too, are uneasy over the recent flood of docudramas. In particular, they are alarmed by a vulnerability to litigation arising from ambiguities in the law governing privacy, publicity and defamation of character. A docudrama on the Scottsboro case resulted in an unsuccessful lawsuit by one of the surviving white women in the trial. CBS settled out of court with the former wife of blacklisted newsman John Henry Faulk, who objected to her portrayal in *Fear on Trial*.

Despite quibbling by the critics and occasional lawsuits, docudramas are big business. Their ratings range from the spectacular success of *Roots* to the disaster of *King*, but most do significantly better than the average series. Moreover, television people believe that the claim of historical authenticity is especially important for promotion. Although historical fiction is a time-honored genre, networks, producers and writers all resist the notion that docudramas should be labeled and thought of in this way. The claim of truth, according to one executive, means ten extra ratings points, an important consideration at a time of the fiercest ratings war in television history.

It is interesting that many docudrama producers are ex-documentary makers who blend their respect for "reality" with an affinity for the larger audiences and freedom to invent which are afforded by the docudrama. As one producer told the conference, "I used to film the outside of the White House and wonder what was going on in the Oval Office. Now I can imagine it." Thus, like the term "docudrama" itself, practitioners of the art are somewhat schizophrenic. They want the creative freedom of the artist but also the imprimatur of the historian, an air of authenticity without the full responsibility that goes along with it.

Despite these inherent problems, docudramas like *Roots* are in a class of their own when compared with what passes for prime-time TV entertainment. Historians, moreover, should be grateful that, at a time of declining enrollments in college and high school history courses, the docudrama boom reveals a broad receptivity to historical subject matter. Much of the interest in televised history is simply voyeurism, a video exposé of the secret lives of historical celebrities. But the better shows not only present compelling explorations of historical themes, they challenge the historical profession to respond creatively to the mass audience for history reflected, and stimulated, in successful docudrama.

Nonetheless, it is not surprising that many historians look askance at this particular gift horse. For the history presented is, almost inevitably, distorted. Compared to film, the medium of television seems to demand a smaller scale—close-ups, small groups, scaled-down sound—in its presentation of historical events. It is hardly surprising then that in so many docudramas, the dramatic space is reduced to a single focus: a historical personage, a famous courtroom trial, a family.

But the fact that individual action is highlighted and collective action ignored is not simply a consequence of the small screen. Even more, one suspects, it reflects the persistent hold of that peculiarly American strand of individualism on the writers. In *Roots: The Next Generations*, for example—possibly the finest exploration of the black experience ever presented on television—political and economic forces are transformed into personal ones. Blacks are disenfranchised because a few white leaders stand to gain from it; black sharecroppers get their A.A.A. benefits not by organizing a sharecroppers' union but through the intervention of Alex Haley's father. *King* made the black revolution the work of one man, *Tail Gunner Joe* made McCarthyism the product of a single somewhat deranged individual. If "the personal is political" was the slogan of the 1960s, docudramas seem to assume that the political is unfailingly personal.

Nonetheless, no one can claim that television is presenting a sugarcoated version of American history. *Roots*, both the first and second parts, was a powerful indictment of American racism. Audiences have been treated to extremely unfavorable portraits of McCarthyism (*Tail Gunner Joe* and *Fear on Trial*), a harrowing account of the detention of Japanese-Americans (*Farewell to Manzanar*), and the suppression of the American Indians (*I Will Fight No More Forever*). Several projects dealing with Vietnam are being prepared, and while NBC recently killed a proposed docudrama on the Pueblo Indians, ABC is dramatizing our homegrown holocaust, the experience of the

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Creeks and Cherokees in the Trail of Tears.

Although many of the assembled writers and producers at the conference insisted that there can be a docudrama without a point of view, or, in good positivist fashion, that an interpretation emerges inductively from the mass of material gathered for the production, television is, in fact, presenting a coherent vision of America's past. Recent docudramas are consolidating and validating for a mass audience the revisionist view of this country's domestic history which gained currency among historians in the 1960s, and is now broadly accepted in the academic world and increasingly incorporated into American history textbooks. This revisionist literature, a reaction against the bland "consensus" history of the 1950s and a response to the rise of black consciousness in the 1960s, portrays American history as filled with group conflict, racial injustice and threats to democratic institutions.

Television's point of view seems firmly ensconced within this revisionist consensus. Nor does it venture beyond it, either to the left or to the right. It is difficult to imagine the networks dramatizing Watergate from Richard Nixon's point of view, just as I do not expect to see a docudrama on Eugene V. Debs and the old Socialist Party. Also, TV history is only selectively revisionist. If racial injustice is an acceptable subject, class conflict is not. The history of American labor is ignored in the docudrama, as is the experience of the immigrant. The fiftieth anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the occasion of extensive coverage on French and Italian TV, passed unmarked by the American networks, including PBS.

Nor has television proved particularly adventurous in dealing with foreign policy. A docudrama on the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 virtually canonized John F. Kennedy, and the same approach characterized *Truman at Potsdam*. The revisionist portrait of Roosevelt and Truman as deeply implicated in the origins of the cold war has yet to appear on the TV screen. Aside from Nixon, in fact, twentieth-century Presidents tend to be treated with kid gloves. The recently aired *Ike* did portray Winston Churchill as being more interested in confronting the Russians than in rescuing France from Nazi occupation during World War II, but it suggested that Roosevelt and Eisenhower would have none of this "politicization" of the war effort. In *Backstairs at the White House*, a succession of modern Presidents are presented as thoroughly apolitical individuals, inoffensive and rather congenial, except for Warren Harding who, we are told, had a drinking problem and an eye for beautiful women.

Television, moreover, seems distinctly uncomfortable with historical material which does not have a finite ending. The ratings failure of *King* is widely attributed to its "depressing" denouement—the assassination and the program's suggestion that the racial problem remains with us. How much more uplifting to view *Roots*, "the triumph of an American family." Some of the emphasis on docudrama may, in fact, reflect an escape from contemporary social issues into the past. Even Watergate is almost noncontroversial seven years after the break-in; like the Vietnam War, it seems safely behind us and, thus, safe for television.

Another reflection of TV's flight from current problems, and one of the lamentable side effects of the docudrama craze, has been the virtual banishment of the documentary from network television. This is especially unfortunate since, by contrast to docudrama, the straightforward documentary has a clearly delineated structure of factual content. Its focus on issues rather than personal drama seems far better able to present the complexities of history and of current affairs.

Many current issues, however, are considered by television simply too hot to handle. First and foremost are those for which large and vocal pressure groups exist. Don't expect to see a show dealing with abortion or gun control on the air anytime soon. Or, as one reporter asked at the conference, "what have you done on the oil companies lately?" Even historians can be a pressure group, although their effectiveness has yet to be determined. The announcement that CBS is considering a production based on Jefferson's purported relationship with his slave, Sally Hemmings, has elicited a furious response from the self-appointed guardians of our third President's reputation.

Even more important than a fear of controversy in explaining the demise of the documentary are the almighty ratings, a consideration never far from the surface in any discussion of TV programming. Executives, writers and producers are unanimous in one conviction: "No one watches documentaries." (Of course, "no one," in this context, may mean 20 million people.) As Art

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Buchwald observed, the motto of the conference might have been, "Whether you are a producer, director, writer or historian, you have a right to make a buck."

This conclusion may be harsh, but it does point up a problem left unresolved at the docudrama conference. The writers and producers are being pulled simultaneously in three directions by the claims of drama, history and finance. If the marriage of history and drama is difficult, that of art and industry is even more so.

The fact is, however, that these docudramas *are* teaching history. My students' conception of slavery is more likely to come from *Roots*, their picture of McCarthyism from *Tail Gunner Joe*, than from the monographs I and my colleagues write. But given the present structure of the television industry, it seems unlikely that, however outstanding individual productions may be, television can fully live up to its potential for illuminating the American past. □

The Odd Couple

LEONARD MICHAELS

THE NABOKOV-WILSON LETTERS. *Edited by Simon Karlinsky. Harper & Row. 346 pp. $15.*

> I consider this novel to be my best thing in English, and though the themes and situation are decidedly sensuous, its art is pure and its fun riotous. —*Nabokov to Wilson*
>
> I like it less than anything else of yours . . . the characters and the situation are repulsive. —*Wilson to Nabokov*

The Nabokov-Wilson letters, 1940-71, written when they were mainly good friends, have been edited by Simon Karlinsky with useful annotation throughout and a superb introductory essay in which Karlinsky reviews disagreements that flicker and blaze through the letters, anticipating the famous public battle upon the occasion of Vladimir Nabokov's edition of *Eugene Onegin*. A laborious, scholarly, brilliant, idiosyncratic work, Edmund Wilson reviewed it negatively. He also didn't like *Lolita*, which is more surprising because anyone can see the novel is tremendously good and, besides, Nabokov carefully told Wilson how much the book meant to him; furthermore, Wilson did like *The Story of O* and the novels of Genet and, according to Wilson's journal, *Upstate*, he and Nabokov always agreed in relishing pornographic works or, as we say in California, "sharing" them. But of course *Lolita* isn't pornographic; its erotic substance, weirdly sublimated into love, is something like the poetry of Crashaw which is perhaps, in Wilson's sense, also "repulsive." In any case, one thing seems painfully definite: Wilson reacted very negatively, in private letters and public commentary, to the works Nabokov cared about most, precisely his works of love.

Wilson's public commentary certainly does not reflect the affectionate spirit of his letters; indeed, without the letters, it might be difficult to believe, despite his great generosity toward Nabokov in furthering his literary career, that Wilson really liked him personally at all. But Wilson's public commentary certainly does reflect the years of disagreement in the letters on issues large, small, and very different in kind. Examples of this incongruous variety are: (*1*) Wilson's faith in the Russian Revolution, including such Marxist monstrosities as Lenin, is unqualified by Nabokov's persistent efforts to give him the bad news; (*2*) Wilson is unconvinced that sexual intercourse is possible in a taxicab despite Nabokov's insistence that it is; (*3*) Wilson never seems to believe he doesn't know enough about Russian poetry to argue about its metrical system with Nabokov, and neither of them notices how tediously intricate, mechanical and irrelevant to any poetry their arguments become.

Nabokov is sometimes pedantic and provocative in the letters, but he is generally more right than Wilson and, if more heated, also warmer; once, urging Wilson to write him, he says, "I love your letters." When they disagree about the quality of famous writers, Wilson is much more right than Nabokov but, apparently, Nabokov was constitutionally incapable of respecting certain great names. Henry James and Dostoevsky, so different from one another, are examples of his unpredictable distastes. The letters contain a good deal more than disagreements. There is a lot of interesting talk about money, illness, jobs, writing projects, editorial policy at *The New Yorker*, books, persons and butterflies. But the disagreements will attract the most attention not only because they make the best literary gossip but also because they give fascinating complexity to the drama of the Nabokov-Wilson letters and the disastrous friendship.

Like many marriages, apparently their friendship seemed to require bickering and contradiction lest the couple discover its fundamental incompatibility. This becomes more complicated in the Nabokov-Wilson friendship if one looks at Wilson's comments on Nabokov's novels and his comments on *The Story of O*. A peculiar inconsistency appears, suggesting an incompatibility Wilson suffered with himself. In *Upstate* he complains that Nabokov humiliates the characters in his novels, but then he merely refers to *The Story of O* as "that highly sophisticated and amusing pornographic work." One might suppose, if Wilson was sensitive to humiliation in novels, he would notice that the heroine of *The Story of O* is whipped repeatedly, violently penetrated at every accessible orifice, and at last hideously disfigured. In effect, somewhat humiliated—certainly more than any humiliatee in Nabokov's novels. As for the "highly sophisticated and amusing qualities of the novel," what could Wilson mean? Its systematic and rectitudinous clarity? Its severely chaste, humorless, invincibly un-self-conscious, narrow objectivity? Wilson says, "I asked Volodya whether it seemed to him there was something a little queer about the French, and suggested the book might have been written by a Russian. He answered, 'A Pole, perhaps.'" It isn't obvious that Wilson is joking. If he is, he is being too heavy and not funny. But he is answered with the delightful flexibility of feeling typical of Nabokov and though Nabokov makes only a little pun it suggests, just as their respective styles suggest—one so wittily volatile and luxurious, the other plainly precise and strongly "self-consistent"—a difference in sensibilities which, given certain competitive dispositions in the great writer and powerful critic, might have made them mutually repugnant sooner or later. And yet the letters wonderful for their humor, intelligence, love and sincerity, make this seem impossible. Their friendship seems too good to have culminated in such wretched disconnection.

The letters are important in many ways and they are excellent reading but it is hard to discuss them with a good conscience. One begins taking sides without being able to know the personal complications behind the letters, complications that are not one's business anyhow. Of course Nabokov

Leonard Michaels is the author of I Would Have Saved Them if I Could *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux).*

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and Wilson did themselves consummate their correspondence in a public battle, provoking our curiosity, the original, fatal passion. It will be satisfied. □

Contradictory Judaism

GENE LYONS

GOOD AS GOLD. *By Joseph Heller. Simon & Schuster. 447 pp. $12.95.*

Just about everybody I know who has read any recent books at all has read *Catch-22*. Indeed the title itself has become a part of the language, and in the years since its publication the novel has functioned as a metaphorical index to the evening news, particularly during the Vietnam War. Quite before that, though, only a few months after *Catch-22* was published, Douglas Day wrote a piece for the *Virginia Quarterly Review* in which he wondered about the moral and political effect of treating an actual historical event of such tragic magnitude—a "good" or defensible war, if you will—as if it had been a kind of lunatic's nightmare. Others were made similarly uneasy by aspects of the novel's popularity. But Day was being old-fashioned. The book was not *about* World War II at all. It was about the cold war and about bureaucracy, Heller's defenders replied. In any event, art is not *about* anything; Heller was a 'black humorist." That is the line everybody with a decent literary education takes when other people's values are effectively ridiculed.

Many people who read *Catch-22* made an attempt at *Something Happened* and some even finished it. The obvious joke made almost everywhere but in the reviews, which were in the main ecstatic, was that nothing did. Happen, that is. I even finished it myself, although I had mistakenly remembered giving up on it rather early on. I pulled it off the shelf to be certain, and found angry scrawlings even in the final chapter. By the time *Something Happened* came out I had pretty much gotten over graduate school; my teeth were set on edge by reviewers' assertions that it finally killed off "The American Dream," that ectoplasmic chimera raised by literature professors largely in order to have stakes driven through its fraudulent heart.

I am trying to be honest about this, since my judgment of Heller's new novel, *Good as Gold*, is a harsher one than many you have read. I loved *Catch-22*. If I read it again tonight it would still make me read passages aloud to my wife for as long as she would bear it. But even if I had not picked up *Something Happened* with a chip on my shoulder I'd have begun scrawling at about the same point. In essence, I had read it before, and much better done. Sinclair Lewis came to mind, not to mention Richard Yates's *Revolutionary Road*, a minor classic in my view, which had said everything Heller had to say about corporate executives in Connecticut, and said it more humanely and convincingly. In place of the vast originality of *Catch-22*, Heller's second novel gave us a parade of stock characters and familiar attitudes: the bored, boozing, overweight suburban wife; the bored, boozing suburban husband who despises his work and fears to leave it, a coldblooded, empty-hearted corporate WASP out of *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit* and *The Organization Man*, a Jew-hating, anti-Catholic nigger-baiter, a bigot without sincere beliefs of his own, a misogynist and fornicator; their awful kids.

Unlike Richard Yates's characters, whose personal tragedy was made convincing by their phlegmatic attempts to avoid it, Heller's were one-dimensional to the point of bathos. Besides hating his work, Heller's narrator-protagonist Bob Slocum had no interest in art, religion or even love. He did not jog, play tennis or golf, putter in his garden, watch football games, belong to a book club or the P.T.A., participate in local politics or do anything at all, apparently, except pity himself and confess his inadequacies.

Stylistically speaking, *Something Happened* was repetitious of Heller's best effects: his fondness for paradox and his characters' habit of self-revelation by self-contradiction. "When I grow up I want to be a little boy." "She is a strong-minded girl who is far too weak to withstand a popular trend." "I am afraid of cops. But I'm glad there are cops and wish there were more." At first Heller's pet way of portraying ambivalence is arresting; it makes us see. But after a while it gets predictable, then very old. Derivative or not, however, Heller could still write good prose. And for all its faults the novel did achieve moments of genuine emotion: nobody trying to raise children in the contemporary world could fail to be moved at least part of the time by Slocum's intense and helpless anxiety for his son's well-being. The ending—Slocum accidentally suffocates the boy while holding him close after a bloody but not serious accident—was pure Harold Robbins for sentimentality. But as a sort of symbolic rendering of the fate of many suburban children it made sense.

In *Good as Gold* the emotional resonance is gone. Thematically, the novel is a series of footnotes to a phenomenon Walker Percy in *Love in the Ruins* called "contradictory Judaism," which he defined as the belief "that the Jews are unique and that they are not. Thus you would be offended if a Jew told you the Jews were chosen by God, but you would also be offended if a non-Jew told you they were not." One way of summarizing the plot is to parody the narrator's father, who is already a parody to begin with, in addressing his son: "OK, Mr. Bigshot Writer, Mr. Know-It-All, Mr. College Teacher, how come if you're so smart you think anybody wants to read another book about a Jewish English professor who ain't a Jew and who don't believe in his work and runs around with rich blonde *shikses*? Who wants that?" *Something Happened* was familiar; for *Good as Gold* Heller should give Woody Allen a cut of the take, who should pass most of it on to Philip Roth. With a couple of minor changes of particulars, many of the book's passages could be inserted into *Letting Go*, *Portnoy's Complaint*, *My Life as a Man* or *The Professor of Desire*. Heller is a great mimic. But where Roth continues to probe his characters' obsessions and to grow in narrative subtlety, Heller's latest is too much of the time like the transcript of a twelve-hour Henny Youngman routine, so that even his truly effective lines are smothered under one's sense of *déjà vu*.

Ralph Newsome is an old graduate school chum of Gold's and one of the few WASPs he knows. Newsome is also a closet anti-Semite who wants to get Gold a job at the White House, where he works: "Jews are popular now and people don't like to object to them. And a Jew is always good to get rid of whenever the right wing wants us to." A nice touch, standing by itself, with just the perfect amounts of truth and vitriol. But the passage doesn't stand by itself. Within a page preceding, Gold has asked Newsome what he would do in his new Government job. The answer is: "Anything you want, as long as it's everything we tell you to say and do in

Gene Lyons's essay, "The Artificial Jewboy," was published in Moment *(1976).*

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support of our policies, whether you agree with them or not. You'll have complete freedom." Several sentences later he adds: "What we want are independent men of integrity who will agree with all our decisions after we make them. You'll be entirely on your own." Gold says he thinks he can handle that, to which Ralph replies: "We'll want to move ahead with this as speedily as possible, although we'll have to go slowly." By the time most readers get to that nice passage at the bottom of the page they will be too numb to notice. It is self-revelation by self-contradiction again, and I have chosen only three of quite literally scores—perhaps more than a hundred—of examples.

Heller's Washington is a place where even the pretense of doing good is stripped away by characters whose only interest is in doing well. A reviewer who wanted to make the novel sound savagely funny would have no trouble locating clever passages to quote. The assaults on Henry Kissinger and on an editor whose biography and recent history sound an awful lot like Norman Podhoretz's are occasionally funny, but often slide over into what seems like simple malice, and pretty much for its own sake. Among other projects, Gold is contemplating a nasty book about Kissinger, and however much that worthy may deserve Heller's scorn, somebody should have told him that satirizing the man by presenting clippings from Anthony Lewis is not very funny or effective. They were much better the first time around. In fact, if *Good as Gold* were cut into 800-word segments and printed in the daily newspaper, like Art Buchwald or "Doonesbury," it would deserve a Pulitzer Prize. As a novel, though, it reads as if it had been written that way.

There is a larger question of the kind Douglas Day asked about *Catch-22*, and as a gentile I approach it gingerly. It was not so long ago—certain disputes over *Goodbye, Columbus* and *Portnoy's Complaint* come to mind—when a book dealing in such cultural stereotypes as Heller employs throughout would have been closely scrutinized by a self-appointed committee of rabbis and Jewish intellectuals to determine whether, on balance, the portraits presented were "good for the Jews" or "bad for the Jews." I always thought Roth unfairly handled by much of what I read of that kind of thing, and his responses, particularly the essay "Imagining Jews" in *Reading Myself and Others*, to be as good as anything he has written. But where are those reverend elders now that we need them?

Among other projects, Heller's Professor Gold is engaged in writing a book about the Jewish experience in America. The joke is that as a thoroughly secularized Jew, he is going to have to invent most of his material or dig it up by interviewing his own family. At one point he has lunch with his younger sister, Joanie, who has changed her name to "Toni" and lives in Southern California. What is her "Jewish experience"? "It's trying not to be. We play golf now, get drunk, take tennis lessons, and have divorces, just like normal Christian Americans. We talk dirty. We screw around, commit adultery, and talk out loud a lot about fucking." Funny, but in the Irish Catholic New Jersey neighborhood where I grew up, that is the way anti-Semites told me Jews acted *as Jews*. Now I live in Little Rock, Ark., and out in the country, in communities like Oil Trough, Pocahontas and Fifty-Six, that is how we decadent big-city types in the state capital are supposed to live. Some of my more benighted WASP neighbors here in town of the fundamentalist persuasion are equally convinced such behavior emanates from Roman Catholics and "New York Jews" in the media centers on both coasts. The letters columns of the local newspapers were filled with protests about the unseemly conduct of the comedienne, Joan Rivers, on Johnny Carson's show recently. Miss Rivers happened to precede an appearance by the University of Arkansas's much-beloved and Scripture-quoting football coach, who also tells (clean) jokes and does magic tricks. Many who saw Rivers were up hours past their normal bedtimes and had never heard of her before. God forbid they should go to Las Vegas.

My point is simply that such stereotypes are nothing but peasant superstition and ought to be dismissed as such. Henry Kissinger's career as Machiavellian mad bomber is neither more nor less objectionable because of his having been born a Jew than if he had been born a Quaker, like his partner in crime. I suppose Heller would respond that he had satirical purposes in mind, and that I am being a literal-minded simpleton in objecting to the consistent portraying of gentiles in *Good as Gold* as wolfish, amoral anti-Semites. Certainly the Jewish characters in the novel are not treated as if they were very much more admirable. But the book does end with a sort of sentimental reaffirmation of Gold's Jewishness, and since nobody else I have read has mentioned it, I thought the question worth airing. Unless I am wholly wrong about the novel's drift, a prospect I am willing to entertain, I don't think that sort o stereotyping is very good for any body.

Transgression And Appeasement

BEN SONNENBERG

BERNARD BERENSON: The Makin of a Connoisseur. *By Ernest Samuel Harvard University Press. 477 pp $15.95.*

Bernard Berenson died at 94 i 1959, having, as this super study notes, "reigned as th world's foremost connoisseu of Italian Renaissance art" for mor than fifty years.

Of his other, more vulgar types c fame, one was a snob celebrity: brothe in-law of Bertrand Russell, friend c the aristocracy, and owner of a beaut ful house, the villa I Tatti, near Flo ence. This is the fame so well addresse in Kenneth Clark's *Another Part of th Wood.*

Another was as a survivor of the Na occupation, remarkable because Bere son was openly anti-Fascist, America and a Jew. *Forty Years with Berenso* by his secretary and companion, Nick Mariano, is, on this as on much else b sides, a very much better book tha Berenson's own *Rumor and Reflectio* a modest postwar best seller.

Then Berenson had a glamour havin to do with money, age, and the tone c the nineteenth century, particularly th later phase of the Anglo-American ex patriation immortalized by Henr James in *The Portrait of a Lady.* Cor scious of this, wearing wonderful suit wearing wonderful hats and shoes, Be enson appealed to a taste for the supe annuated understood as epitomes of *l douceur de vie*, whose reputations usu ally are whispered through publi rooms at grand hotels: as when you ar told of old So-and-so, who looks like a X-ray print, *You know, he was once th lover of the Princess von Groulingen.* O *She used to be the mistress of Ferrucci Busoni.*

Which, when you come right down t it. is, "He's the Man Who Broke th

Ben Sonnenberg is the author of Jan Street *and other plays.*

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ank at Monte Carlo," only the names re more maddeningly recherché as a ıle.

The names in Berenson's case were vo. Mary Smith Costelloe (of the Philelphia Smiths), who, almost in a parly of George Meredith's *The Tragic omedians*, left her husband and chilen for Berenson in the 1890s. And abella Stewart Gardiner, whose very pensive collection (now the Gardiner useum) in Boston Berenson helped rm. Thus Berenson's reputation comned the fever of large sums of money ith the emollient of superfine taste in double erotic character: that of adulrer and of servitor of the very rich, ıth roles needing complaisance.

Ernest Samuels, going only to 904 in what I pray is part one of a twoolume life, helps us to understand the igins of this character in spellbinding ıd in seduction, so long among the uipment of the socially ambitious, as ell as in a sort of Emerson-and-Alcottfused neo-Platonism, which, however uddle-headed and tame, was at least ıt shallow.

Samuels also shows the deployment Berenson's highly remarkable gifts an atmosphere of privilege, at Harrd and at after-Harvard, where pernal cultivation was sanctified as disnt from American "barbarism." In s invaluable essay on the New York mory Show of 1913, Meyer Shapiro plains how, in the 1890s, the bias ıong American art collectors against e best contemporary art, specifically at of Degas and Cézanne, was nevereless responsible for "the magnificent useum collections in Boston and New ork." Particularly of "the cultivated irs of old established fortunes," Sharo writes:

> Whistler's fragile art, the "aesthetic movement" of the 1880s in England, the revived Pre-Raphaelitism of their youth, and the discovery of Far Eastern art, confirmed their taste for an art detached from the problematic present.

Berenson answered to this time; he anered incomparably. He was learned d systematic and a not bad theoretiın. His powers of expression were exptionally fine. How good a writer he ıs may be seen in his *Florentine Paint: of the Renaissance*, of 1896, though it ıseful today less perhaps for its famous mulation of "tactile values" than as a radigm of enlightened and active inlvement, notably with the frescoes by asaccio in the Santa Maria del Carne. His discriminations were vigors, especially among drawings. Many his attributions have been reversed, due to modern technology usually; but very many have lasted. They seem to me nearly always deliberate, rational, elegant, explicit and beautifully polished.

Berenson also was a physical beauty, attractive to Robert de Montesquiou as well as to Gladys Deacon (later Duchess of Marlborough). He showed a precocious awareness of the weight and effect of his beauty and expressed himself on the subject with Balzacian subtlety. More to the point of his great success, with women and men alike, Berenson was a beauty who professed to want only what his patrons already had, or aspired to through hard work.

Part Tartuffe and part Lucien de Rubempré, part Cherubino and (even more) part Jewish family Darling Boy, Berenson has an ideal biographer in Samuels. Impeccable in method, strong in narrative skill, Samuels scants nothing as to place, period or person, and is no less remarkable for inwardness, depth and charity of feeling.

Moreover, he is our specialist in disagreeable men. First, the ineffable Henry Adams: that life won Samuels a Pulitzer Prize. Now, another potential winner, the scarcely more likeable Berenson. Who could take Samuels's place? For his specialty, really well practiced as here, yields a pleasure like no other. After a stay at I Tatti, Bertrand Russell wrote: "The atmosphere of Art and luxury was rather trying . . . and at first I couldn't understand why I had liked B.B., but gradually I got to like him again."

Yes, it is, and neither could I at first, but gradually I did too.

Berenson was throughout his life a pattern of diligence, of application, and (to the world at large) of gratifying exhaustion. He also preserved into very old age a naive air of self-wonder, disarming in one self-invented who had also made a fortune off the copyright, so to speak. It emphasized a bias toward very great artists of the past who (to adopt Shapiro's remark) were, like himself, conspicuous for facility and very early success: Giotto, Masaccio, Donatello, Leonardo, Raphael, Titian.

However, he knew his habits of work were punitive and peculiar. He talked of them that way often. Here, retorting to an inner voice, from his remarkable *Sketch for a Self-Portrait*:

> "All about me, ever since I left Harvard, it was said that I was loafing, that I was wasting my best years in mere amusement, that the little I had published was no proof that I could or did work. I dared not resist the chance offered of proving that I could toil and plod and pedantize and bore with the best of them."

This I think of very great interest, not only as reflecting Berenson's superlative self-consciousness but as offering data for the social determination of the definition of pleasure. And it has a further interest as to something more fundamental.

Berenson published a story when he was 23 that, according to Samuels, "gave expression to the disquiet which must have haunted Berenson since he first began to shed his Jewish loyalties."

> We are told that the young protagonist . . . had gone off to Vilna "to satisfy the yearning of his heart for that knowledge of the Gentile world which was beginning to sift into the Jewish communes of east central Europe." In due time he returned to his native village shorn of the traditional earlocks and without the customary long black gabardine. . . . He no longer moved with the shambling walk of the ghetto, but went proudly erect with the firm step of a Gentile and made friends with the Polish gentry. The Jews of the village were scandalized . . . and came to believe that his transformation had caused the recent deaths of several infants. . . . One day while reading a Gentile book, the youth fell apparently lifeless to the floor. . . . The burial took place. That night the fa-

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ther dreamt of being hideously pressed under a weight. The meaning of the dream soon dawned on him: his son had been buried alive. The grave was opened and the father gazed upon the blood-stained and contorted body of his son. The Lord had avenged himself and the youth had expiated his sin. "An expiation for all of us," exclaimed the villagers.

Berenson himself was born in Lithuania in 1865. His family, under compulsion of pride, poverty and pogrom, emigrated to America when Berenson was 10. He converted to Christianity at Trinity Church in Boston when he was 20. The burial story appeared in print just after he left for Europe where he began his career.

Samuels explains that the story derives, not from Poe's "The Premature Burial" of 1845 but "from the fearsome legends, familiar to pious Jews, of the mistakes that sometimes resulted from the Jewish requirement of burial within twenty-four hours." I have no doubt this is so. But mention of Poe must remind us that tales of premature burial were common newspaper fare, and Berenson's may be expressive less of "disquiet" over apostasy than of a contest with a very widespread phenomenon of exceptional force and importance in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: namely the prohibition against personal transformation.

Usual in these stories are presentiments (as with Berenson), fatal shocks to survivors; incompetent coroners, ignorant village priests, even remorseful doctors. More pervasive is the theme of social transgression: sometimes explicit, more often implied, particularly with women. Male premature burial stories tend to the conventionally pathetic, while the female ones typically involve weddings, elopements, unsuspected pregnancies which, however flatly reported, cannot fail of fatal meaning in so otherwise spare a context. All bear the interpretation which Berenson's story in fact invites: that personal transformation is widely and traditionally hated by society which will suppress it ruthlessly if it has the power.

Berenson's life exemplifies fear of this, I think. He attempted a sort of appeasement, particularly in his excessive, painful and exhausting habits of work, by insistently offering the prospect of conversion into capital of the pleasures of looking at pictures. □

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The Nation.

A Question Of Cannibals

CHERYL PAYER

THE MAN-EATING MYTH: Anthropology and Anthropophagy. *By William Arens. Oxford University Press. 206 pp. $9.95.*

Shortly after beginning fieldwork in rural Tanzania, anthropologist William Arens heard a man call to his companion, "Why are you walking with that bloodsucker?"

> Like many other fieldworkers in Africa, I learned early on that the majority of inhabitants either had suspicions or were convinced that I consumed human blood.

Later, he collected detailed accounts from informants of the methods by which Europeans were said to obtain the blood:

> The tales vividly described how a victim would be rendered unconscious and then hung head down in order to let the blood from the slit jugular drain into a bucket. The fluid was then transported by a fire engine to an urban hospital, where it was converted into red capsules. These pills were taken on a regular basis by Europeans who, I was informed, needed these potations to stay alive in Africa.

The British *had* attempted an unsuccessful blood drive during World War II, there *was* a fire engine nearby which had never been used at a fire, and undoubtedly most Europeans had to take pills on a regular basis while they remained in Africa. Arens nevertheless confidently expected that the people he was studying would eventually accept him as a person similar to themselves. "To my dismay," he recounts, "many still clung to the suspicion a year and a half later at my departure."

At this point he began to wonder if similar Western beliefs about cannibalism in Africa had any firmer basis in fact. And when students in an introductory class requested a lecture on such exotica as witchcraft and cannibalism, his research for the lecture fed a growing suspicion: "I soon became aware that the cannibal epithet at one time or another had been applied by someone to every human group."

Cheryl Payer is a political economist with a professional interest in contemporary mythmaking.

Ranging from Herodotus to fifteenth-century America to contemporary New Guinea, with stopovers for the Inquisition and anti-Semitic literature in Europe, this book is provocative in every sense of the term. It is provoking angry rebuttals from anthropologists who have a vested interest in their own work on cannibalism. And it should provoke all readers to meditate on the difficulties of learning "the truth" about other peoples in a world where anyone—eyewitness, participant or scholar—may have motives for distortion.

Did a Portuguese seaman, captured by Tupinamba Indians in sixteenth-century South America, return with tales of witnessing cannibalistic feasts? Arens points out that the hero was not himself eaten, could not have understood a conversation he reports from the day of his capture, and had good reason to exaggerate the wonders and dangers of his adventure when his account was published nine years later in Europe. Did Africans confess to having practiced cannibalism in colonial Sierra Leone? Arens reminds us that thousands of Europeans once confessed to the practice of witchcraft. Christian communicants today insist that the Eucharist is literal flesh and blood, but "the idea that others may have developed symbolic structures as subtle as our own is not easily accepted."

Arens also supplies a hypothesis which helps to explain why rumors of cannibalism are so ubiquitous. For the European colonizers in particular, the assertion that the natives they encountered were "cannibals" served to mask and justify their own genocidal behavior. The Tupinamba, for instance, did not survive their contact with the conquistadors. "Although there may be some legitimate reservations about what ate whom, there can be none on the question of who exterminated whom. When the Spaniards colonized the Caribbean islands, official royal policy prohibited the enslavement of the natives, unless they were , in which case it was recommended in order to save their souls.

> The expected scramble for the profit to be made in human bondage followed immediately. Islands once thought to be inhabited by Arawak upon closer investigation turned out in reality to be overrun by hostile cannibals. Slowly but surely greater areas were recognized as Carib and their enslavement legalized. Thus the operational definition of cannibalism in the sixteenth century was resistance to foreign invasion followed by being sold into slavery, which was

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held to be a higher status than freedom under aboriginal conditions.

Similarly, Arab slave traders in Africa described their captives as cannibals, thus subhuman and fit for nothing but slavery.

Arens makes no categorical statement that cannibalism does not exist. He admits that it has been done for survival purposes, and in rare cases of antisocial behavior. He is "dubious about the actual existence of this act as an accepted practice for any time or place," but

> The only proper theoretical stance for an anthropologist to take demands an open mind on the possibility of cultural variation, and this would include cannibalism. According to standard ethnographic methodology, it is not possible to demonstrate conclusively that a practice does not exist.

The keystone of his argument is the assertion that he could find no anthropologist who had actually witnessed the act of cannibalism, and that "existing reports by nonspecialists were found to range from highly suspect to entirely groundless when viewed from the perspective of objective scholarship and common sense."

Now, there are many more things on earth than can be witnessed and recorded by anthropologists. By the terms Arens has set for himself he cannot be judged right or wrong; the meaningful question is whether he has dealt fairly with his sources, and made an exhaustive attempt to uncover the most plausible evidence of cannibalism.

He has certainly uncovered an impressive number of witnesses who found no evidence of the practice despite residence among reputed cannibals. These include David Livingstone, who decided "A Scotch jury would say, Not Proven"; and Evans-Pritchard, who found no substance in the reports of Azande cannibalism which he investigated. Evans-Pritchard nonetheless concluded that the practice must have existed because "there is no smoke without fire." But if all the reports of cannibalism which Arens has amassed had a basis in fact, then Christians in Rome, Jews in medieval Europe—and Europeans in East Africa—must be presumed guilty.

Yet one is left with a troubling suspicion that he has not dealt fairly with all the evidence for the existence of the practice; that Arens has created his own myth and ignored material which cannot be easily dismissed. Shirley Lindenbaum, a professor of anthropology at the New School for Social Research, did field research among the Fore of New Guinea which is cited by Arens as one of his sources. Lindenbaum, who does not seem like someone eager to justify the destruction of native cultures by colonialism, finds it regrettable that Arens will accept only evidence from Western anthropologists and not from "black people" who were actual participants, as were her informants. I was satisfied after close questioning that her grounds for accepting Fore cannibalism as fact had a much firmer basis than Arens's cavalier characterization of her sources would admit.

Arens ridicules the idea that a widely accepted custom could be abolished suddenly, just before anthropologists can arrive to observe it, yet it does not seem to have occurred to him to search the records of the colonial officers who presumably did the outlawing and enforced it. Lindenbaum says her informants date the end of the custom precisely to the "building of the road," which brought the Fore into contact with missionaries allied with a culture of infinite technical superiority which promised, and threatened, much. She also showed me a newspaper clipping about two court trials of accused cannibals in this decade. In both cases the issue was not whether the act had in fact been committed but whether it constituted "improper interference with a body" by the prevailing cultural standards. In 1971 Polynesian standards prevailed and the defendants were acquitted; in 1979 the application of Western standards led to a conviction.

Lindenbaum nevertheless believes that Arens's thesis is an important one. "I think cannibalism has been all over the place as a fact," she told me, "*and* it has also been all over the place as a slander with no basis in fact."

It is regrettable that by overstating his case and deprecating all contrary evidence Arens is bringing down upon himself an avalanche of data which will give new life to the myths he presumably wishes to destroy. "The significant question," he writes, "is not why people eat human flesh, but why one group invariably assumes that others do."

He might rather have asked why cannibalism is so widely equated with subhuman status. Why is it more acceptable to hunt humans for slaves than for meat? Why is it more horrible to kill an enemy and eat him than to let the corpse rot on the ground? How much more dreadful does human sacrifice become if the remains are consumed? By failing to confront these issues Arens unthinkingly reinforces the taboo, and thus undermines the real contribution which his book should make to the affirmation of our common humanity, cannibals (if any do exist) included. □

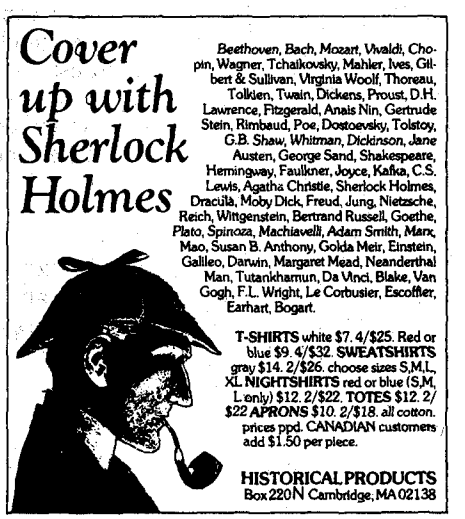
MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

BERG: *Lulu*, Anja Silja, Brigitte Fässbander, Josef Hopferwieser, Horst Laubenthal, Walter Berry, Hans Hotter; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Christoph von Dohnányi, cond. London OSA 13120. $23.94 (three disks).

Though released in the wake of the Paris performances that included Friedrich Cerha's realization of Berg's music for the opera's third act, this recording, made more than two years ago, includes only the heretofore standard version of *Lulu*: the first two acts, and the two sections of the third that Berg included in his orchestral suite. Since the Paris production, conducted by Pierre Boulez, was recorded by Deutsche Grammophon, common sense would counsel patience—but the patient will miss what is, as far as it goes, a performance of imposing accuracy and conviction.

The central factor is the remarkably precise, sensitive and sumptuous playing that Dohnányi elicits from the Vienna Philharmonic, firmly locating Berg's score in the Wagnerian tradition to which, for all its originality of structure and of detail, it surely belongs. The aesthetic consequences are fascinating: hearing the score played and sung thus idiomatically, we realize that in earlier recordings the performers were constantly (if doubtless unwittingly) telling us, by their angular, not-quite-secure, often unblended and unbal-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anced execution, more about the writing's "modernity" and difficulty than about its substance. Here, unimpeded by those conflicting messages, we at last come directly to grips with the full measure of its variety and expressivity.

IMMEMORIAL LANDSCAPE
For José de la Colina

Airily flutters
slips
among branches trunks poles
lazily
hovers over
the high electric fruit
it falls
aslant
now blue
on the other snow
Made
of the same immaterial as shadow
it casts no shadow
As dense
as silence
this snow
is snow, but it burns
Headlights
drill quick tunnels
collapsed
in a moment
Night
riddled
grows inward
grows night
Obstinate cars
go by
all
in different directions
to the same destination
One day
the streetlights will explode
from their iron stalks
One day
the bellowing river of engines
will be choked
One day
these houses will be hills
once more
the wind in the stones
will talk only to itself
Aslant
among the shadows
unshadow
will fall
almost blue
on the earth
The same as tonight
the million year old snow

Octavio Paz

(Translated from the Spanish by Eliot Weinberger)

Another result is the firm sense of theatrical tone, as the singers, musically secure enough to concentrate on such matters, are also getting expressively specific and germane signals from the orchestra; Wedekind's bizarre juxtapositions of drawing-room comedy with Surrealistic fantasy come at us much more vividly. (Inevitably, though, a recording cannot give us the myriad points in which Berg's taste for musical depiction is indulged; these can be appreciated only in stage performances.)

The singing is quite consistently accurate, and admirably attentive to the specified gradations between speech and song; not all of it is tonally beguiling, but that is now hardly a condition exclusive to twentieth-century opera. My only serious reservation concerns some very ill-placed side breaks, which I gather are avoided in the cassette edition. It is much to be hoped that London will get this cast together again as soon as possible to record the third act; the virtues of the Boulez/Paris recording are more likely to complement than to supersede those of this set.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 4, "Tragic," and Symphony No. 8, "Unfinished." Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Carlo Maria Giulini, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2531 047. $8.98.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 9 in C major. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Carlo Maria Giulini, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 992. $8.98.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 9 in C major. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Deutsche Grammophon Privilege 2535 808. $6.98 (mono; recorded 1951).

Giulini's performances these days don't seem to be "about" anything much; they have no urgency, no sense of direction, no personality, and only the barest expressive message. That message is usually contained in a single characteristic gesture, that of slowing down an already stodgy tempo, of withdrawing still further from a state of distinctly limited communication. The second movement of the Schubert "Unfinished" is marked *Andante con moto*, but Giulini makes it *Adagio senza moto* and introduces a series of sentimental rubatos that distend further the cadential points, both local and long-range.

The model for this particular effect might be the celebrated near-halt for the solemn repeated horn notes in the slow movement of the C major Symphony in Furtwängler's old recording, now reissued in a good transfer. However, that was a carefully planned event in a complexly flexible performance not a solitary and overworked effect. With Giulini, even his resumption of an initial tempo is a passive event, not contrast to the prevailing lassitude.

Giulini's recordings with the Chicago Symphony are, at least, beautifully played, translucent in tone and unanimous in ensemble. (In this, they might recall Herbert von Karajan's often inert but impeccably polished Berlin recordings, but Giulini's performances lack the aggressively paraded virtuosity of Karajan's, which are often quite clearly "about" the orchestra's unfailing luster.) Recently when Giulini came to Carnegie Hall with the Los Angeles Philharmonic to play (among other things) Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, we heard his music making without the Chicago orchestra's finesse. The Los Angeles band is a second-class group; what they need at this point in their history is not an "Olympian" music director who descends from Parnassus to preside over a few weeks of concerts each season (just enough to attract subscribers and television coverage) but a real orchestra builder. This Beethoven Ninth was both ill-played and boring, and my sympathy went out to the chorister (from Temple University), who sang out as if the music were, after all, an Ode to Joy; they seemed to be the only people on stage who believed that. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

One day, young Minek, coming home from school, broke one of his wooden clogs and had to limp the rest of the way barefoot, arriving very late. That night his father, Batisti, slipped out and cut down a small poplar growing beside the canal; he hid the branches, muddied the raw stump, and took away the trunk from which by morning he had made his son a new pair of clogs. A few weeks later, the landlord noticed that the tree was missing, discovered that Batisti was the culprit and expelled the whole family from the estate. Hence *The Tree of Wooden Clogs*, written and directed by Ermanno Olmi (*Il Posto, The Fiancés*, etc.) and performed by peasants of Lombardy. It covers the year 1898.

The incident of the filched tree is about all there is of plot in this three-hour movie, though there is a wealth of incident. A baby is born, a couple ma

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CONCERT IN THE GARDEN
(*vina* and *mridangam*)
For Carmen Figueroa de Meyer

It rained.
The hour is an enormous eye.
Inside it, we come and go like reflections.
The river of music
Enters my blood.
If I say *body*, it answers *wind*.
If I say *earth*, it answers *where*?

The world, a double blossom, opens:
Sadness of having come.
Joy of being here.

I walk lost in my own center.

Octavio Paz

(Translated from the Spanish by Eliot Weinberger)

ries (on their honeymoon trip to Milan they see hussars disperse a crowd of demonstrating strikers), crops are planted and harvested, clothes are washed by the canalside, a pig is slaughtered, a sick cow is dosed with holy water, an angry peasant beats his horse, is badly frightened by the beast, takes to his bed and summons the wise woman, who prescribes garlic for the neck and earthworms on the stomach. The priest enjoins his flock to love one another and obey the master's bailiff.

I could go on like that at some length, for Olmi's intention in this film is less to tell a story than to chronicle the life of a peasant community at the end of the last century, and he meanders lovingly through the unremarkable episodes of their secluded, work-laden lives. Four families occupy apartments in the farmstead; the livestock they tend belongs for the most part to the landlord, and he takes two-thirds of the crops. The peasants are gentle, slow-moving, on rare occasions merry. They support and try to protect one another, but when Batisti is forced onto the road, his family and furniture piled high on a cart, they can do no more than tactfully keep to their rooms. Revolution is a faint rumble from distant Milan.

The Tree of Wooden Clogs is as beautiful as it is subdued, and the details of that earlier farm society, the domestic arrangements, the tools and techniques, the dress and the manners, have the charm of meticulous reconstruction. The cast is modest, almost shy, but utterly convincing. Olmi knows them well—indeed, he comes from them—and he must have encouraged the people to live his chronicle as though it were their own. He could readily have made an angry protest from the implications of what he shows but, on the contrary, he seems to find an enviable garden of innocence in this old way of life, for all its crippling system of exploitation. And considering what was to happen to the generations that followed, it would be hard to dispute him. One must approach his picture in a contemplative mood, being prepared to enjoy the company of small people engaged in small affairs. Anyone looking for drama will begin to fidget long before the three hours have passed, but those who allow themselves to be absorbed into the farm will gain at least a hint of what it means to be part of the natural order of life. It is not exactly a nostalgic experience—Olmi's peasants are not Rousseau's nobility—but it suggests that we have paid a price for what we have gained.

Winter Kills is being touted as a comic thriller, and it does have the black humor of hyperbolic nastiness. It was written and directed (his first film) by William Richert, who derived it—at what remove I do not know—from a novel by Richard Condon. And Condon derived his novel, again at some remove, from the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Nick Kegan (Jeff Bridges) hears the deathbed confession of a hitherto unsuspected second marksman at the ambush of his brother, the President. The dying man tells where he hid the rifle and with that as a point of departure, Nick, an honest Gulliver in a world of liars, embarks on a hunt for the man or men who hatched the plot. In this he is abetted (or is he balked?) by his father, patriarch of the Irish clan and another of John Huston's wicked old men. He is that stock figure of melodrama, the richest man in the world, and boasts of being "the Jupiter of thieves," but I suspect him of being Cronus, the Titan who devoured his children, all but Zeus. (That, oddly enough, would make a Zeus of the amiable Jeff Bridges, but I stray.) The third principal in this game of chess where all the pieces move like the knights is a certain John Cerruti, who operates the Kegan intelligence network from a building that resembles the interior of a galactic spaceship. Anthony Perkins is Cerruti, as bloodless as a leg of veal and incalculably malign.

I won't venture into the plot, for I should certainly become lost, but your best bet is to assume that all leads are false, and all the men and women, except for the innocent Nick, not what they seem. There is a rousing tank battle on a Western ranch (Sterling Hayden in the command vehicle) and Huston commits the most spectacular suicide ever recorded on film. That did indeed make me laugh. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

As the 1978-79 season nears its end, I am faced with a critical paradox. I have appreciated a number of things, but very little has truly and deeply affected me. There is a compassionate chord in *The Elephant Man* that touched me, and Sam Shepard's *Buried Child*, though obscure in its symbolism, sought a significance for a darkly perceived yet genuinely felt America which stirred me. *Eubie*'s dancers and several of its performers—particularly among the women—as well as its popular tunefulness, tickled me. I was warmed by the good will and humor of *Talley's Folly*, and Joseph Buloff's acting in Arthur Miller's *The Price* delighted me.

But still, can I wholeheartedly say that I was actually "carried away"—as the Comden-Green song has it—by anything I saw during the past eight months? Certainly this can only happen once in a long while and one should be satisfied with modest pleasures. Only the daily reviewers are obliged to rave—for reasons of publicity.

Most theater events aim at clarity of meaning, but too often the meaning is banal or trivial. Of the many productions I have seen this season, only two have thoroughly engaged me—and herein lies the paradox: these two had no "meaning" that I could readily define or explicate. Both were presentations at the La MaMa complex on scruffy East 4th Street, and both were produced by foreign companies on vis-

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its so brief that my recommendations of them could exercise no practical effect. I speak of *The Dead Class*, a macabre Polish political cabaret performance which transcended politics, and, most recently, Kobo Abe's almost wordless Studio piece, *The Little Elephant Is Dead*.

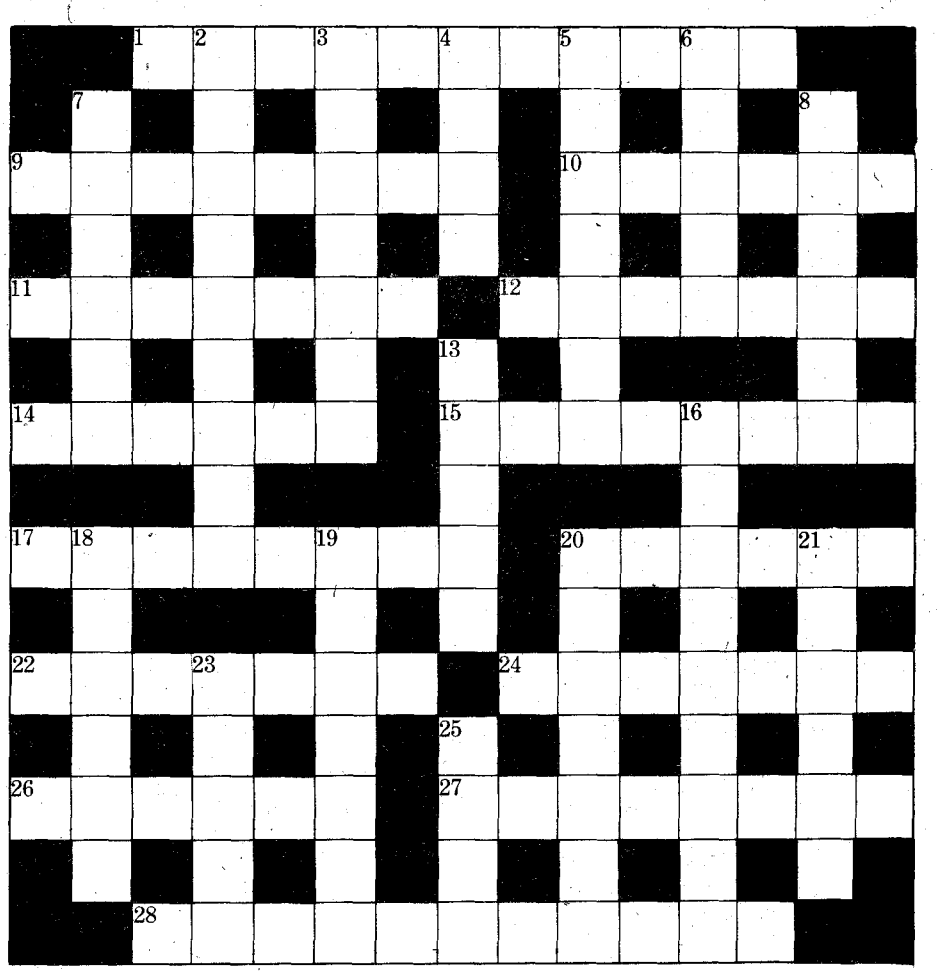
The latter is "an exhibition of images" which the renowned Japanese novelist Kobo Abe has written, composed and directed with the indispensable aid of his wife, Machi Abe, in settings, costumes and props, and with the hardly less valuable contribution of Tatsuo Kono in lighting. (Without these elements the scenario would not constitute theater.) In any explicit sense, this spectacle is "meaningless," though with a little work one might plausibly decipher certain social allusions (especially in regard to war and atomic devastation). But there would be more intellectual game than substance in such decoding. The truth is that I was absorbed and captivated by the constant play of colorful imagery, the tantalizing excitement of sound, the physical bounce of the participants, the quirky humor, the scenic inventiveness which somehow remained simple and unmechanical, the flow of exuberant movement, the attractiveness of the youthfully handsome Japanese team, the fancifulness and, for all the undoubted exertion of everyone involved, the ease of it all. Here was mystery and wonder—consummate craftsmanship that did not obtrude itself as such but served the exhilarating totality.

On leaving the theater I tried to find the perfect epithet for the experience, such as "dreamlike," but this does not fit the concreteness of the means employed; at another moment I thought to compare it with Abstract Expressionism or with Surrealism, but neither of these labels applies. All I could honestly say was that I was entranced, the child as much as the man in me gratified.

It also struck me that the effortless enjoyment provided by Kobo Abe's relatively short "improvisations" must be the result of an extraordinary expenditure of hard work. I asked him how much actual rehearsal time had been devoted to it. "Three years," he answered. No wonder, then, that so much of what passes for experimental theater among us nearly always seems amateurish. For to attain the completeness we witness in this Japanese instance with all its thought, imagination and skill, support through large subsidy must be available. For great achievements of this kind, great risks must be taken in dedication, time and money. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1778

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Those who evidently quake are in a hurry to become bosom pals. (4,7)
9 One's found in drinking spots with a lady more likely to be found in Burke's. (8)
10 Not quite the most outstanding old city, but there were seven against it in play. (6)
11 No secrets kept in summing up. (3,4)
12 If this countryman had fifty after his head, it would be nice! (7)
14 One thing the General has on a day in May—that's what they used to do during siege. . . . (6)
15 . . . .and a compensatory thing one does when a sort of it has Old English applied. (8)
17 Not real modern band music—though the Irish like it. (8)
20 Spur to bad French, being the answer to what the writer was. (6)
22 See 5 down.
24 Two kinds of current to one, like certain plants make. (7)
26 Causes to rust badly, but they might help you pass the test. (6)
27 Little globules of flourine formed as one goes to sleep. (5,3)
28 The spirit's belonging to us, evidently—which is why I o.k. USSR's drinks. (6,5)

DOWN

2 and 3 A roll of cloth from Navy stock isn't exactly what one might expect! (1,4,4,3,4)
4 Came up like the sun flower. (4)
5 and 22 across Does a far-out zealot have what many people want at last? (7,7)
6 Acts like an old movie-town-goer. (5)
7 and 25 How to make one of those 24-hour terms? Do it and quit! (4,2,1,3)
8 A growing concern of the presidential family? (6)
13 The thing sometimes shot by gamblers still runs. (5)
16 Might people be dispossessed by one? (9)
18 Most callers finally do it, as a compulsion. (4,2)
19 They're often found playing in the woods. . . . (7)
20 . . . .and one of their neighbors has this, high in the winds. (7)
21 They might be lined with notes. (6)
23 Is this some sweet? (5)
25 See 7 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1777

ACROSS: 1 Chicken livers; 10 Hanoi; 11 Desert rat; 12 Parodists; 13 Learn; 14 Construction; 19 Aladdin's lamp; 22 Tests; 24 Advantage; 25 Entertain; 26 Outer; 27 Complementing. DOWN: 2 Hungry; 3 Childhood; 4 Eldest son; 5 Lists; 6 Viral; 7 Rara avis; 8 Shape; 9 Stoning; 15 Relevance; 16 and 17 Coming-out parties; 18 Falsetto; 20 Carton; 21 Bears; 23 Strap; 24 Awake.

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